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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE MAY 24, 1993 $2.50

A Star Is Born

The Curtain Rises On A New Miss Saigon

Canadian Actress Ma-Anne Dionisio





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COVER PHOTO BY BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

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A Star Is Born

30 She had a strict Roman Catholic upbringing and once dreamed of becoming a nun But now, Ma Anne Dionisio, a 19-year-old Filipino immigrant from Winnipeg, is playing the title role in *Miss Saigon* a reluctant prostitute who falls in love with an American marine during the Vietnam War The musical inaugurates Toronto's Princess of Wales Theatre, a sumptuous hall built by the father-son team of Ed and David Mirvish.



PHOTO BY ROBERT PAYS



PHOTO BY PETER BOOTH

Campbell's Cabinet

10 With a victory in the race for the Tory leadership in sight, Kim Campbell and her strategists are already talking about a new, more compact cabinet and plans for a fall general election

Passion Play

40 Canadians play more golf per capita than most other people They play deep into autumn and on southern winter holidays But the real season begins in spring, when, from coast to coast, the faithful tramp religiously towards fresh fairways and budding possibilities For others, golf is simply good business



WAYNE GLASSROTH



The Price Of Pratfalls

There are two essential truisms that animate the conduct of elected officials: 1) they live their lives as if they are only one sentence removed from political oblivion, 2) a picture is worth a thousand words. Last week, there were two vivid examples. During a debate, Conservative leadership candidate Kim Campbell labelled critics of government policy on deficits as "enemies of Canadians." And the Russians released photos showing Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and President Boris Yeltsin celebrating the spoils of a wild boar hunt. The quote flap and the boar kill will be forgotten soon. But other politicians over the years have not been as fortunate.

Pictures of George Bush collapsing at dinner at the foot of his Japanese counterpart at the outset of a U.S. election year seemed almost too symbolic for words. The embattled Jimmy Carter also collapsed on camera—during a jog just before he lost an election. There was Gerald Ford, caught by our own photo editor, Peter Bregg (then with The Associated Press), taking a tumble in 1975 upon arrival in Salzburg, Austria. The next year, he lost the presidency.

Why do those images endure? Mainly because they seemed to fit the public's perception of the politician involved. That certainly was the case for former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield, who turned up on front pages during the 1974 election dropping a football. The image contributed to Stanfield's defeat. It mattered not that the roll of undeveloped film that Canadian Press photographer Doug Ball shipped back to Toronto headquarters from North Bay, Ont., contained several frames of Stanfield actually catching the ball. Similarly, Conservative leader Joe Clark is remembered for his "lost luggage" tour of the world in 1979. But there was no luggage lost—there was luggage that was not transferred to an India-bound flight out of Manila because of a bad plane connection. The bags were delivered to New Delhi hotels the next morning. Pierre Trudeau, in contrast, could pirouette behind the Queen's back and give voters the finger, seemingly with impunity. But he came to grief of his own in the 1979 election when he unwisely confided to two reporters over lunch that he would try to govern in a coalition even if he did not win a plurality of the seats. Four weeks later, he lost to Joe Clark's Conservatives, in no small part because of the perception that he was taking the nation for granted. Words and pictures will do it every time.







Robert Lewis

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LETTERS

China's evolution

Since 1842, Hong Kong has been governed by a colonial government dictated from abroad ("Countdown to change," Cover, May 10). By rights, it should be part of China's landscape. I do not appreciate why the West has to dictate its version of running business to secure its superiority over the East. It is indeed very shortsighted to underestimate a civilization more than 3,000 years old rather than to build on strengths and to enhance the dignity of China's political and economic evolution.

Patricia S. K. Lee,
Toronto



Bicycle traffic in Guangzhou, China: shortsighted to underestimate the country

Your cover story ("Finding a new life") was very interesting. I was an immigrant from Hong Kong 12 years ago and moved to a small town, so I do feel I can share some views. Encourage new immigrants to take jobs in small towns: Hong Kong immigrants show reluctance to relocate to small towns even if there is a great job offer. And, if the second generation does not learn English and the Canadian culture well, they will no longer be a transferred wealth, but will become a long-term liability to the country.

Anthony Yao
Kitimat, B.C.

20/20 vision

Fred Bruning's hindsight view is like all others—nonsensical ("The FBI and other Washington wackos," An American View, May 10). Had the rescue and arrest effort worked without the Davidians starting their own hell, what would his views have been? The lack of respect for the law enforcement men and women who give their lives protecting him and me is obvious. Why do irresponsible writers get to write their opinions on something they know nothing about? His article is in no way "an American view."

Charles de Turenne
Renton, Wash.

Trial by media

It is with a great deal of regret that I read your article "Under suspicion" (World, May 3) in reference to the recent tragedy of the death of a civilian in Somalia. It seems that the Canadian press in general has succumbed to the sensationalism of tabloid reporting with hidden allegations rather than the accuracy of facts. I shudder to think how other countries look upon us when our own media does little to promote the positive side of our endeavors.

Gina Meade,
Halifax

Promises, promises

So, Kim Campbell will eliminate the deficit in five years ("Squeezing Ottawa," Canada, May 10) without raising taxes (no specifics, of course). It seems to me that former finance minister Michael Wilson promised the same thing in 1984 and couldn't deliver, despite a booming economy and record tax increases. If our politicians wonder why they have a credibility problem, it's because we've heard it all before—and it's no truer now than it was then.

Jeff Jones,
Pembroke, Ont.

Playing the game

Canada's left now plays the absurd game of deficit denial. Unfortunately, your essayist grasps neither economics nor arithmetic ("The great Canadian debit game," Canada, May 10). Whether deficits finance yachts or "economic freedom," consecutive deficits will increase the total debt until debt-service charges sink the economy. If we decide to continue deficit spending, we must increase taxes, cut services—or wait for the eventual collapse.

Don Carr,
Brantford, Ont.

Who signed the Business Council on National Issues' damnation of government spending? Was it Air Canada or Canadian Airlines? The whiz kids in the banks who backed the Reichmanns? The Curragh management which abandoned its mine? The profit-making banks who are laying off employees to the unemployment rolls? When business fails, it turns to the government for bailouts. Now, it turns on its patron. Let's all fight the deficit. But we will never win if businesses default on government loans, dump thousands of laid-off workers onto unemployment lines and overextend themselves, but write off their mistakes, and abandon Canada because exploitation is cheaper in Mexico. Government, at least, is trying.

G. Douglas Vaisey,
Halifax

'Held to ransom'

Your article "The bull is back" (Business, May 3) offers a different perspective. Statistics Canada forecasts growth in Canada's gross domestic product, encouraging foreign investors to pour billions into this country. I am tired of this country being held to ransom by a "Moody" bunch of suits with calculators telling us we don't measure up to their "Standard of Poor." If nine years of policies designed to make Canada "open for business" have led to this mess, maybe we should be questioning not how to manage the debt, but rather how to get out of it. Sometimes, when the game is not going well, no rule change will help. You just have to stop playing—period.

Bill MacLean
Toronto

Letters may be condensed. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone. Write: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, Maclean Hunter Bldg., 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Or fax: (416) 596-7730.

LETTERS

High tolerance

Hockey has a marvelous past, but a dubious future ("Our game," Cover, April 26). The fan is no longer one who enjoys the game, but is an investor in a flooded market of collectible gewgaws of dubious quality. The game is poisoned by an inability to rid itself of violence. No other team sport tolerates fighting without banning the player from the contest. And the watered down minor league quality caused by over-expansion with the likes of the Mighty Ducks makes the game a laughingstock. The players and owners head towards an abyss caused by the failure to restrain their greed and put a salary cap in place. In the real world, there is unemployment, restraint and a lowering of expectations. In hockey, the only lowering of expectations seems to be that there is a promise that hockey will be less of a sport than ever before.

Tom Creighton,
Halifax

Maclean's states that Quebec City hockey teams have "been forced to languish in the shadow of their rivals 250 km down the St. Lawrence River in Montreal." The last time I looked at a map, Montreal was 250 km *up* the river from Quebec City.

Mary Jane Beattie,
Halifax



Kids playing street hockey: a dubious future

'Sick to death'

Barbara Amiel laments that "the hatred consumes both sides," in her succinct look at the Middle East. The descendants of two or more tribes—all Semites—gut each other for their square miles of territory in 1993, the supposed beginning of the so-called peace-loving Age of Aquarius. In Waco, Texas, an FBI offensive consigns more than 70 cult members to fiery deaths. In former Yugoslavia, women, children and elders are slaughtered for ethnic and religious reasons. Our balding, overpopulated planet is sick to death.

Etienne-Guy Poirier,
Toronto

A bigger problem

Suicide in our district is not a native problem, nor is it a young people's problem ("'A time bomb,'" Canada Notes, April 26). Suicide is a Northern Ontario problem that has reached terrifying proportions. It is an increasingly common response to the severe economic depression of our area. We are plagued with unemployment and dropping wages; we are watching entire towns vanish off the map. We are watching businesses pull out of our towns, train routes bypassing us, bus schedules becoming increasingly inaccessible. Funding for suicide prevention programs is being cut along with the jobs. Our social workers, counsellors and clergy are fighting a painful and uphill battle with little or no support from our government. Once again, Northern Ontario cries out in agony; and once again, our voices are blowing in the wind.

Rev. Joanne R. Stoskopf,
St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church,
Geraldton, Ont.

'Fighting to survive'

Charles Gordon's excellent article "When Canada shuts down," (April 19) simply reiterates what many activists and entrepreneurs have been saying for years about "the system," as we still call it. He asks where the innovators, dreamers and risk-takers have gone. Well, Charles, they are where they have always been—here—although many are now busy just fighting to survive the poverty of body and spirit that a system based on elitism, fear and self-interest, which only produces mediocrity, has stifled them with. Unless Canadians look beyond their immediate problems and concerns, recognizing those symptoms of a wider sys-



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LETTERS

temic malaise, and work together to end this spreading disease, we shall only be able to turn on CNN and watch not only the system die but along with it, all those innovators, dreamers and risk-takers who could have propelled Canada into a strong sustainable future.

Mia Benjamin Robinson,
Richard Tavarov,
Kenneth Robinson,
Edmonton

The proposed closure of Canada House in London has little to do with defeatism or government cutbacks. Instead, it has everything to do with the economically inevitable pursuit of continentalist policies by Canada and Britain at the expense of the Commonwealth. The edifice with our name carved into it may have given us some visibility in the Mother Country half a century ago, but Britain's most important transatlantic relationship now is with the United States. For better or worse, the demise of Canada House like the degradation of the royal House of Windsor, is little more than a final nail in the coffin of a once-close Anglo-Canadian relationship.

Christopher Carss,
Chemainus, B.C.

'Keep cool'

It was irresponsible of Peter C. Newman to state that "we are collectively and individually bankrupt. Kaput. Broke." ("If we don't crush it, debt will destroy us," Business Watch, April 26.) Canada is not broke. To suggest otherwise incites needless panic and leads to misguided policy prescriptions. The federal net public debt as a percentage of the gross domestic product was higher after the Second World War than it is now. Canadians at the time, unlike the current generation, did not become hysterical over the size of the debt. Instead, they kept a level head and set out to build one of the most prosperous nations in the world. The debt was eventually eroded over the years as a result of policies that created strong economic growth and low unemployment. There is much we can learn from our forefathers about economic management. The most important lesson is to keep cool.

Louis Musto,
Gloucester, Ont.

I do not think that anyone could argue with Peter C. Newman's position that our debt problem will push us over the edge in the very near future unless almost draconian steps are taken immediately. I do take issue with his statement that "despite the deep cuts in government expenditures that have been painfully administered by Ottawa and most provincial administrations over the past

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decade, our overdraft is still growing." I do not know what planet Newman has been living on, but such provinces as Saskatchewan, Alberta and Ontario have not significantly reduced expenditures. And the federal government has not done anything resembling deep cuts in relative or absolute terms. In fact, that is precisely our problem—neither provincial nor federal governments have faced up to this issue.

R. E. Henderson
North York, Ont.

The economist J. M. Keynes, during the Great Depression, advised the governments to counter the market cycles of recession by deliberately going into debt. This debt was then to be paid off during times of economic recovery. Isn't it ironic that our federal and provincial governments have increased debt during the booming late 1980s only to have to cut their deficits during the recession of the early 1990s? A normal recession can lead to "deflation," which is a less harsh word for depression." Peter C. Newman ended his article with the hope that his children's generation would forgive his own. Unfortunately, they have no time for forgiveness: they are too busy looking for jobs.

Jeff Scott
Kingston, Ont.

Very funny

I am appalled that politicians, in these dismal economic times, were persuaded to donate taxpayers' money for a museum of humor ("Montreal's fun house," Museums, April 12). *And* to charge admission. While visitors listen by headphone to witticisms of humorists past and present, I presume that they come across P. T. Barnum's adage: "There's a sucker born every minute." This project is surely proof of it.

Ruth Brown
Toronto

Misguided attack

I am incensed by the apparent methods of the complainants to the commission of inquiry on pornography ("The centrefold war," Canada, May 10). Regardless of my opinion on pornography, the attack on the proprietors of the corner stores cited is misguided and unfair. In the midst of a terrible economy, they are trying to function by working incredibly long hours and providing excellent service. I live in the neighborhood and could not begin to list the kindnesses offered by these storekeepers, particularly to my children. They deserve commendation, not confrontation.

Terry Goldie,
Toronto

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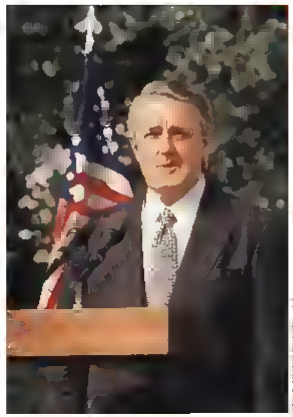
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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

OPENING NOTES

Prime ministerial options, the dam busters remembered and last call at *Cheers*

MULRONEY GOES PRIVATE

With less than a month to go before Conservative delegates choose his successor, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney is planning his return to private life. He and wife Mila took possession this month of a $1.7-million house in the upper-crust Montreal neighborhood of Westmount. To pay for the property, the family secured a mortgage in Mila Mulroney's name for more than $1.2 million—producing an estimated monthly housing expense, including taxes, of about $10,000. As well, the soon-to-be-former prime minister will likely be joining the lecture circuit, where a single speech by a public figure can fetch $50,000 or more. *Maclean's* has learned that Mulroney has been discussing joining the roster of the Washington Speakers Bureau, an Alexandria, Va.-based firm whose clients include Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher and Norman Schwarzkopf. Although Mulroney would certainly be in illustrious company outside Canada, at home his coin may be diminished. Indeed, the owner of Canada's biggest speakers agency, David Lavin, says that he decided not even to pursue Mulroney as a client. "Frankly," the Toronto-based agent said, "we're pursuing other senior Conservatives for whom we think there is a bigger audience."



FIFTY FOR THE DAM BUSTERS

It was one of the most innovative and daring Allied air raids of the Second World War. On May 17th, 1943, the Dambusters Squadron made an early morning raid on hydroelectric dams in the Ruhr, Germany's industrial heartland. Using spinning bombs that bounced across the water like skipping stones, the 120-man squadron achieved only partial success—only two dams were actually destroyed. Even so, the mission was immortalized in the classic 1954 British movie, *The Dam Busters*. One of the 30 Canadian dam busters, RCAF navigator Danny Walker, flew in the No. 6 Lancaster during the 19-aircraft raid. "You had to be at 60 feet and going 240 m.p.h. and the bomb had to be rotating at 500 revolutions per minute," recalled the London, Ont., resident, now 75. The average age of the Canadians on the raid was 23. Only 16 survived—13 were killed and one was taken prisoner. This week, Walker and five other RCAF veterans will join the Queen Mother in London for anniversary celebrations, before travelling to Lincolnshire, where RAF 617 Squadron was based during the war. "I think very much of the friends I lost," Walker said last week. "We lost some excellent chaps. The crew of my Lanc was seven and now we are down to two. This hits home."

Tory lines

Joe Clark, Donald Mazankowski and Benoit Bouchard are among the prominent Conservatives still sitting on the fence in the Tory leadership race. Those senior cabinet members who have declared their support are divided between Kim Campbell and Jean Charest.



SUPPORTING CAMPBELL

Gilles Loiselle *(Treasury Board)*
Michael Wilson *(International Trade)*
Douglas Lewis *(Solicitor General)*
Pierre Blais *(Justice)*
Charles Mayer *(Agriculture)*
Lowell Murray *(Senate leader)*
Tom Siddon *(Indian Affairs)*
Bernard Valcourt *(Employment)*
Gerry Weiner *(Multiculturalism)*

SUPPORTING CHAREST

Bill McKnight *(Energy)*
Otto Jelinek *(Revenue)*
Barbara McDougall *(External Affairs)*
Jean Corbeil *(Transport)*
Elmer MacKay *(Public Works)*

Maclean's BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Gai-Jin,** *James Clavell (1)*
2 **Headhunter,** *Timothy Findley (2)*
3 **A Suitable Boy,** *Vikram Seth (8)*
4 **No Other Life,** *Brian Moore (7)*
5 **Trying to Save Piggy Sneed,** *John Irving (5)*
6 **The Client,** *John Grisham (3)*
7 **The Bridges of Madison County,** *Robert Waller (4)*
8 **"J" is for Judgment,** *Sue Grafton (6)*
9 **Green Grass, Running Water,** *Thomas King (9)*
10 **The English Patient,** *Michael Ondaatje (10)*

NONFICTION

1 **Women Who Run With The Wolves,** *Clarissa Pinkola Estes (2)*
2 **Shifting Gears,** *Nuala Beck (1)*
3 **Preparing for the Twenty-first Century,** *Paul Kennedy (4)*
4 **Systems of Survival,** *Jane Jacobs (10)*
5 **The Dance of Deception,** *Harriet Lerner (9)*
6 **Beating the Street,** *Peter Lynch*
7 **Paradigm Shift,** *Don Tapscott and Art Caston*
8 **River in the Desert,** *Paul Roberts*
9 **Culture of Complaint,** *Robert Hughes*
10 **Healing and the Mind,** *Bill Moyers (5)*

() Position last week

Compiled by Brian Bethune

Cheers—and goodbye

After 11 seasons and 275 episodes, it will be last call for Cheers *on May 20. Some facts about one of television's most beloved shows:*

• So far, *Cheers* has garnered 111 Emmy nominations—more than any other TV show—and won 26 awards, second only to *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.
• Carla's full name: Carla Maria Victoria Angelina Teresa Apollonia Lozupone Tortelli LeBec. Her second husband, Eddie LeBec (Jay Thomas), was a French-Canadian goalie turned Ice Capades penguin.
• Diane's cat: Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
• Rebecca's biggest foul-up: setting the bar ablaze by throwing a cigarette in a wastepaper basket.
• Coach's nickname: Red, because he once read a book.
• Cliff's car—a Studebaker; Norm's car—a Honda Civic.
• Woody's dog: Truman, who lives with Woody's mother in Indiana.
• Sam's favorite actors: the Three Stooges.
• Global TV is sponsoring a free viewing of the final 90-minute *Cheers* episode—at Toronto's SkyDome. The goal: to make *The Guinness Book of Records*.



Ratzenberger (left), Perlman, Wendt: the bar will close

• Columbia House Video Library is selling three-episode *Cheers* video cassettes at $24.95 each. At that price, the complete 275-episode *Cheers* collection would cost about $2,300, plus GST.

• **The End.** Diane (Shelley Long) comes back; she and Sam (Ted Danson) plan to get married. Rebecca (Kirstie Alley) foams over Tom Berenger, who plays a beer-tap repairman. As usual, Carla (Rhea Perlman) fights with Diane, Norm (George Wendt) and Cliff (John Ratzenberger) sit drinking at the bar. Source: the *National Enquirer*.

WORD FOR WORD

Home of the gay

Speaking before the Senate armed services committee last week, marine Col. Fred Peck, like many other officers, argued against allowing gays into the U.S. military. But his testimony stood apart for its personal tone. Excerpts:



"My oldest son, Scott, is a student at the University of Maryland. He's just about to graduate. If he were to walk into a recruiter's office, it would be the recruiter's dream come true. He's six-foot, one inch, blue-eyed, blond hair, great student. I haven't been the greatest father to him, I'll confess that. His mother and I divorced when he was six years old. She later died of cancer, lymphoma, when he was 16. He's had a rough life, but he's come through it. And he's persevered. He's switched colleges, switched majors, had the problems that most teenagers have growing up. But if he were to go and seriously consider joining the military, I would have to, No. 1, counsel against it and, No. 2, actively fight it, because my son Scott is a homosexual. And I don't think there's any place for him in the military. I love him. I love him as much as I do any of my sons. I respect him. I think he's a fine person. But he should not serve in the military. . . . I spent 27 years of my life in the military, and I know what it would be like for him if he went in. And it would be hell. . . . If he were to follow in my footsteps as an infantry platoon leader or a company commander, I would be very fearful that his life would be in jeopardy from his own troops."

PASSAGES



DIED: Dr. **Omond Solandt,** 83, founding chairman (in 1947) of the Defence Research Board and former chairman of the Science Council of Canada, of cancer, in hospital in Alliston, Ont., north of Toronto. The Winnipeg-born scientist's varied career included helping to establish a blood-transfusion service for the British government in 1940. In the 1950s, Solandt was a contemporary of Dr. **Ewen Cameron,** who was later found to have been conducting secret brainwashing experiments at McGill University for the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. Solandt was among several eminent scientists who condemned the experiments, declaring that Cameron had acted inhumanely. Solandt was chancellor of the University of Toronto from 1965 to 1971 and, in his later years, was an adviser to several Third World governments on medical, agricultural and financial matters.

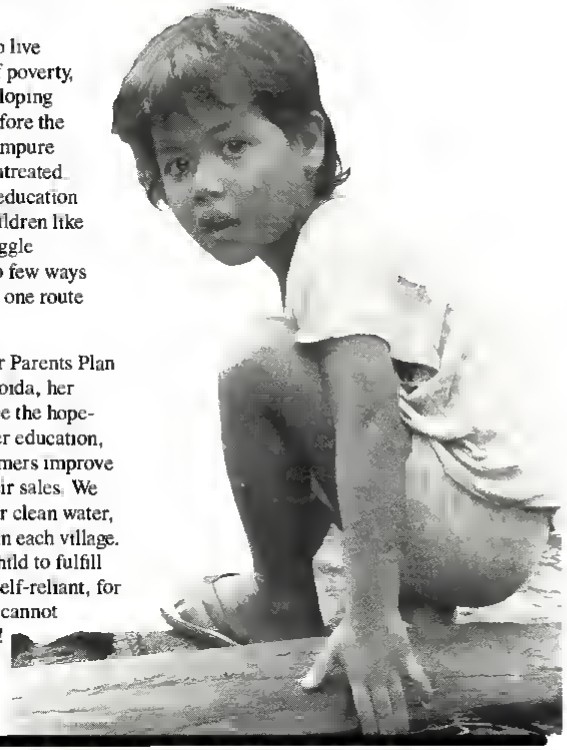
RECOVERING: Jazz pianist **Oscar Peterson,** 68, from a mild stroke that briefly affected his left hand during a concert appearance in New York City. While Peterson was recuperating in his Toronto-area home, a spokesman said that his doctor had advised him to cancel a European tour planned for this summer.

ANNOUNCED: The death of British writer **Penelope Gilliatt,** 61, of undisclosed causes, by a member of her family, in London. Gilliatt wrote novels, biographies and screenplays, but she was best known for her film reviews in the London *Observer* and *The New Yorker*, in the latter case alternating on a six-month basis with **Pauline Kael.** Gilliatt's screenplay for the 1971 film *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* received an Academy Award nomination.

DIED: William Randolph Hearst, 85, editor in chief of America's Hearst newspaper chain. After a visit to the Soviet Union, Hearst shared a Pulitzer Prize for international reporting with two colleagues in 1956. Becoming editor later that year, he continued the crusade against communism begun by his father, the controversial media baron of the same name who was the model for **Orson Welles**'s classic movie *Citizen Kane*.

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5/20/93

COLUMN



State coercion: a case history

BY BARBARA AMIEL

Teenagers grab a word and work it to death. Once everything in the world was "gross", these days everything is "brilliant." Pseudo-intellectuals are like that, too, and their big word of the moment is "paradigm." *The Globe and Mail* held its breath for half of its May 1 editorial on the fight between Ontario's doctors and the NDP, then gave in and used the word twice. Neither the NDP nor Kim Campbell had the answer to health care problems, said the *Globe*, as it mustered all *gravitas* to demand, "is there another paradigm?" The answer is yes, but on current form I think it unlikely to be found in the columns of our national newspaper.

This disappoints because the same *Globe* editorial said the odd sensible thing about Ontario's health care nightmare. The provincial NDP government has proposed solutions to mounting health care costs that include cutting incomes of new doctors by 75 per cent if they choose to practise in any area of Ontario that the NDP deems oversupplied (there are only 45 new positions for doctors in all of Ontario designated as worthy of full fees); fiscal penalties for any doctor who works too hard and bills too much, the rationing of medical services such as psychotherapy according to government decree. These solutions, said the *Globe*, "are the logical consequences of an illogical system."

The doctors' negotiations are part of the Ontario government's "social contract" agenda—which is another buzzword of our time. Jean-Jacques Rousseau developed the phrase in 1762, leading Edmund Burke to point out that if the goals and structure of the state changed all the time to accommodate whatever floating fancies were in the air, "men would be little better than the flies of a summer." Buzz phrases become meaningless in the coercive society, of course—remember, the clenched-fist greeting of Communists was "Freedom."

The NDP measures against doctors are coercive. All one can say in defence of the NDPers is that they never lied about their notion of the ideal society as one in which we all, regardless of occupation or inclination, become civil servants in a large benevolent state that allocates rewards and resources according to the governing social engineers' perception of prevailing needs. In this planned Utopia, every bit of autonomy—financial or otherwise—that an individual might have in a free enterprise society takes second place to the requirements of the social engineers running the place. The only hope citizens may have is that they will run things well. The reality is that they often run them poorly, but in any case they run them.

> *In 1986, doctors would not have let their government tell them where to practise. Now, it is unexceptional.*

Given their earnings, it is hard to whip up sympathy for doctors. But as go the doctors, so go all of us. If one group is treated illiberally, all of us can be—millionaire to welfare recipient. There is a further reason for caring about what happens to our doctors when the Liberals socialized medicine in Ontario by outlawing extra billing, we began the destruction of a really excellent health care system. Doctors were no longer judged by the patients who employed them, they had their incomes guaranteed and paid by the state. Whether a patient is satisfied with treatment no longer matters—so long as the doctor has his Ontario health card number. In return, the state intruded into medical decisions by rationing everything from diagnostic tests to operating time. Doctors who could not fit into this framework left.

While the NDPers never lied about their general intentions, they did lie about their specifics. Some of us argued as early as 1980 that the same logic being used to justify intentions to outlaw extra billing would be used to justify *diktats* about where people could live and work and that the state rather than doctors would determine what medical procedures were important. The provincial Liberals denied this strenuously, but they couldn't think their way out of a wet paper bag and to this day, in my view, never understood the implications of banning extra billing.

A few doctors did see the consequences down the road when they fought the 1986 legislation, but they were labelled radicals by the Ontario Medical Association, their own professional organization. Indeed, when I called the OMA last week and mentioned the names of those doctors, Dr. Michael Wyman, former negotiator for the OMA with the Ontario government, remarked disapprovingly on their "redneck" tactics. Said Wyman: "We won't make the mistakes we did in fighting the government before. This time, we have a much more union style approach to our relationship with the government."

Well, yes. Having lost the battle against extra billing, the OMA decided to try lying down with the crocodile. In 1991, it lobbied and got Bill 135, enforcing compulsory checkoffs for OMA dues. It came up with harebrained ideas about "joint management committees" with the government—its version of Lenin's dictum about the capitalist selling his persecutor the rope to hang himself. Today, even their old ally *The Toronto Sun* sees them as a union that has to be trimmed.

The OMA made a number of tactical errors but its major one was probably in being too optimistic about the direction in which Canadian society was going. It hoped against hope that its worst fears would not be realized. The doctors did not understand that there is only one point in time when you can fight a certain attitude, and that is when people's basic assumptions have not yet changed. Miss that point and it is too late. In 1986, certain assumptions were not yet part of the Canadian social fabric: you couldn't have told a doctor then where to practise. Now, it is unexceptional.

Doctors are not divorced from society and one cannot expect them to fight the battle alone. Indeed, I'm not aware of any society in which one single profession could successfully withstand a social shift. Heaven knows, in the Third Reich doctors did more than break their Hippocratic oath. Canadian society will either throw off the chains of statism or it will continue the descent into coercion and an increasingly unproductive and impoverished existence. Those who can leave, have, and those who stay, suffer. That's one hell of a social contract—and one awful paradigm.

PLANNING A NEW CABINET

A CAMPBELL MINISTRY WOULD BE SMALLER AND AN ELECTION COULD BE ON FOR SEPTEMBER



Charest with wife Michele Dionne (left) during TV appearance: making gains

From the moment that Defence Minister Kim Campbell first entered the race to succeed Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, few Progressive Conservatives seemed more lukewarm towards her candidacy than International Trade Minister Michael Wilson and Employment and Immigration Minister Bernard Valcourt. Both men only decided against becoming candidates themselves after they realized they had almost no chance of winning. Long after Campbell established herself as the front-runner, Wilson and Valcourt appeared to rebuff her by spearheading efforts to persuade Mulroney's then chief of staff, Hugh Segal, to enter the race. But in recent weeks, Wilson and Valcourt have dealt Campbell's principal opponent, Environment Minister Jean Charest, serious blows by belatedly endorsing her. Partly as a result of such efforts, Campbell now appears within striking distance of winning a first-ballot victory in the leadership vote on June 13.

The actions of Valcourt and Wilson, says one senior Tory who is not supporting any candidate, "illustrate a fundamental rule of political survival: when in doubt, follow the person who has the greatest capacity to help you." The two ministers' late endorsement of Campbell comes in spite of the fact that Campbell has run a disappointing campaign, characterized by infighting among her organizers, vague policy pronouncements and sometimes testy behavior by the candidate during her public performances. But in Valcourt's case, his support for Campbell will almost certainly result in an important cabinet promotion if she wins the leadership. Wilson's support would make him a likely choice to replace External Affairs Minister Barbara McDougall, who has said that she will not run again—although Wilson intimates say that he may announce within the next two weeks that he is leaving politics.

In contrast to Campbell's flat performance, Charest has so far waged a surprisingly successful campaign. Still, many Tories consider that the strength of the early support Campbell amassed is insurmountable. Some strategists are already making plans for an election campaign later this year. Those measures, *Maclean's* has learned, would include a cabinet shuffle on June 21—the day that a victorious Campbell would be sworn in as prime minister—coupled with a reduction of cabinet from its present 35 positions to about 28. That would be followed by a Campbell visit to the Quebec City-area riding of Bellechasse, held by Justice Minister Pierre Blais, a Campbell supporter, to coincide with the province's June 24 Fete Nationale holiday. Then, by late July, Campbell would call an election, likely to be held in the first week after Labor Day.

In the cabinet shuffle, Valcourt, who is from New Brunswick, would likely retain his present portfolio—but would also replace Fisheries Minister John Crosbie in his second portfolio as the minister in charge of the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency (ACOA). The minister for ACOA, sometimes described by Tories as "Atlantic Canada's Godfather," approves grants, programs and public works projects for the region. Other Campbell supporters who would have key roles in the new cabinet include Treasury Board President Gilles Loiselle, who would replace the retiring finance minister, Donald Mazankowski, Communications Minister Perrin Beatty, who would replace Mazankowski in his other role as deputy prime minister; and Newfoundland backbencher Ross Reid. As well, Tory strategists say Charest would have to play a very senior cabinet role because of his popularity and the need to heal wounds from the campaign.

But those plans take place against the backdrop of a campaign between Charest and Campbell that is becoming increasingly aggressive. The two traded gibes at last week's candidates' debate in Vancouver when Campbell—in a remark that she later attempted to soften—referred to critics of Tory debt reduction policies as "enemies of Canadians." Retorted Charest: "People who don't agree with our ideas are as Canadian as we are."

In fact, Charest's supporters have become increasingly confident that he will win. A Gallup poll last week, showed that Charest has made sharp inroads against Campbell among Canadians. In early April, a similar poll showed that 51 per cent of respondents favored Campbell as Tory leader, compared with 15 per cent for Charest. But according to the new poll, Campbell's support has dropped to 38 per cent, while Charest's has increased to 31.

In spite of such gains, Charest faces one problem he can do nothing about: the absence of a strong third candidate who could take votes away from Campbell—and force a second ballot. The hearts of Charest supporters were beating a little more swiftly last week at the suggestion by Constitutional Affairs Minister Joe Clark that he might still enter the race. But he decided against running. Clark said at week's end, when he became convinced that either Campbell or Charest would be "capable of winning our party a majority in an election." That could happen. But since January, Clark has considered running, then announced his retirement from politics, then reconsidered running, and now returned to his decision to step down—without endorsing any candidate. In the middle of a largely uninspiring campaign, those actions give his own optimistic words a hollow ring.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH *in Ottawa*

THE TORY RACE

PC 93

Health Minister Benoit Bouchard indirectly criticized the two leading candidates for the Conservative leadership, saying that medicare user fees would destroy Canada's health care system. Both Kim Campbell and Jean Charest have said they would be willing to consider user fees. In other developments:

- **Former prime minister Joe Clark announced that he would not enter the race.**
- **Veteran cabinet minister Michael Wilson endorsed Campbell and applauded her commitment to attacking the federal deficit.**
- **Campbell's rivals criticized her after a Vancouver leadership forum for saying that people who do not view the deficit as a problem are "enemies of Canadians."**

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Michael 'Stay the course' Wilson. I think every morning when he gets out of bed, he decides to stay the course, regardless of which side of the bed he gets out of."

—Toronto-area MP and leadership hopeful Patrick Boyer, after Wilson endorsed Campbell

Canada Notes

A NEW ANTI-PORN BILL

Canadians in possession of child pornography could face up to five years in prison under new legislation introduced by federal Justice Minister Pierre Blais. Under current legislation, simple possession of child pornography is not a crime. The new law would also increase to 10 years from two the maximum penalty for producing and distributing child pornography—defined as any visual representation of explicit sex involving people under 18.

MANITOBA MANHUNT

A five-day police search for a man wanted for murder, attempted murder and kidnapping ended when police captured James Philip Bridson near Flin Flon, Man. Bridson is accused of kidnapping 13-year-old Meaghan McConnell and murdering her mother, Marjorie McConnell, 41, and her brother, Christopher, 18. At the time of the deaths, Meaghan's 15-year-old sister, Shannon, also suffered a serious gunshot wound to the head.

OILERS STAY PUT

Edmonton Oilers owner Peter Pocklington reached a tentative agreement with the corporation that runs Northlands Coliseum to keep the NHL team in the city. Pocklington had threatened to move the team to Hamilton, Ont., unless he received better lease conditions, including a share of concession income.

STILL HIRING

In its annual report, the Public Service Commission revealed that the actual number of people working for the federal government increased by nearly 6,000 people last year. Commission president Robert Giroux said more public servants were hired to handle such things as the Goods and Services Tax.

SCHIZOPHRENIA DRUG

Canada became the first country to approve risperidone, a new anti-schizophrenia drug that reduces the occurrence of apathy, withdrawal and speech problems in schizophrenics. Those symptoms were often made worse by existing medicines.

EDUCATION STRIKE

A strike by 3,200 Vancouver elementary and secondary school teachers over pay rates forced 54,000 students out of school. Teachers have asked for a 2.6-per-cent pay increase in the first year of a two-year deal and another increase in the second year to match the consumer price index. But bargaining broke down when provincial mediator Brian Foley pulled out, saying the sides were too far apart.

The man on the right

James Edwards stakes out his ground

James Edwards was a 26-year-old radio journalist when he landed a job as the CBC TV's legislative reporter in Victoria. He and his wife Sheila, along with their two small children, piled into two Volkswagen Beetles and drove two days from their home in Edmonton to Vancouver—only to find out when they got there that federal cutbacks had eliminated the position. Panicked, Edwards began scouring the city for a job in private radio and received an unusual offer from the manager of a local AM station. He agreed to work alongside a producer for a day to learn the ropes—on the understanding that Edwards would take the man's place when the station manager fired the producer at the end of his shift. "I felt pretty bad, but I had a family to support," recalls Edwards, now 56, and a candidate for the Conservative leadership. "I felt a little better later when I heard that he had no dependents."

In the leadership race, Edwards, who has represented the riding of Edmonton Southwest since 1984, has adopted a similarly tough-minded position. He would like the Goods and Services Tax to apply to a broader range of items, including groceries, and argues that there is barely enough money to maintain existing social programs, let alone set up new ones. Like Kim Campbell and Jean Charest, he would aim to balance the federal budget over the term of the next government. But while Edwards may be the most conservative candidate in the race—he favors capital punishment and opposes abortion—he has won respect even from liberal-minded political opponents as someone who tries to find common ground and work towards solutions. Notes fellow Alberta Tory MP Albert Cooper: "People start looking at him and saying, 'We think you would make a good prime minister.'"

That is precisely what Cooper himself did when his first choice, Finance Minister Donald Mazankowski, decided not to run for the job. Cooper then approached Edwards, who had also supported a Mazankowski bid, about running. As a youth, Edwards had dreamed of becoming prime minister "from time to time." On a balmy March day this year, he went for a stroll along the North Saskatchewan River in Edmonton, his home town, and asked himself: "Do I really want to be prime minister? And if I do, what would I do with it? I came up with positive answers to both questions."

When Edwards, who has served as chief party whip since February, announced his candidacy, many people assumed that he was just trying to raise his profile and secure a cabinet seat after the next election—providing, of course, that the Tories win. But his supporters say that the only reason he has not been offered a portfolio is that his riding lies between Mazankowski's and Constitutional Affairs Minister Joe Clark's. Clark has said that he will not run again and Mazankowski has not announced his decision. Said Cooper: "It is a foregone conclusion that the next person to make cabinet is Jim Edwards. Those who say that we are running Jim to give him a profile are just wrong."



Edwards' tough positions in the leadership campaign

Edwards's recent right-wing pronouncements have surprised some fellow politicians, who until now have known him as a conciliator and a good team worker—not as an ideologue. Saskatchewan NDP MP Lorne Nystrom served on two committees with Edwards and describes him as "a prince of a person." He adds: "He did not strike me as a guy that was dogmatic in terms of his point of view. Right now, he says that he is the right-wing candidate, the law and order guy. That is not Jim Edwards. He is not a crusader."

Still, those who knew Edwards in the 1960s, when he left the University of Alberta in Edmonton with an undergraduate degree in political science and history, remember him as opinionated and tough-minded. Bruce Hogle, who first met Edwards, then 28, in 1964 after his return from Vancouver and worked with him at CFRN radio in Edmonton until 1972, describes Edwards as "extremely articulate and interested in politics from Day 1." When Hogle, who wrote the station's editorials, came out in favor of freedom of choice and against capital punishment, Edwards disagreed—vocally. Recalled Hogle: "He has very deep principles. On more than one occasion we had arguments."

One clear priority throughout Edwards's working life has been his family. His wife, Sheila, was a stream pollution chemist before their marriage in 1960, but then stayed at home to raise the couple's three girls and one son—now all adults. She is now a member of the senate of the University of Alberta. Edwards speaks with regret of the impact that his decision to enter politics had on his youngest child, daughter Gweyn, who was 16 in 1984. Said Edwards: "I think it hit Gweyn hardest because she and I had been very, very close and suddenly I wasn't around any more." But father and daughter are now close enough to share an apartment in Ottawa, where she studies art history at Carleton University.

Edwards is a devout Roman Catholic who attends prayer breakfasts on Parliament Hill, where he has forged friendships with other MPs, such as Jean-Pierre Hogue, the only Quebecer to support his candidacy. But most of all, Edwards is devoted to politics, despite the public scorn now heaped on the profession. "I have experienced the calumny firsthand," he says. But he also quotes the late Paul Martin Sr., a Liberal, to the effect that politics "is second only to a call to the clergy." For an underdog in a race dominated by two charismatic front-runners, a strong sense of faith is more than an asset—it is a necessity.

NANCY WOOD *in Ottawa*

SHARON STONE
WILLIAM BALDWIN
TOM BERENGER
YOU LIKE TO WATCH
DON'T YOU
SLIVER
Paramount Pictures presents a Robert Evans production
SLIVER Martin Landau Howard Shore
Richard Francis-Bruce Paul Sylbert
Howard W. Koch, Jr. and Joe Eszterhas
Robert Evans Phillip Noyce
Sharon Stone William Baldwin Tom Berenger
Tim Sexton William J. Macdonald
Vilmos Zsigmond, A.S.C.
Ira Levin Joe Eszterhas
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AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE



CANADA

Armed and gay

Homosexuals in the military face an uneasy welcome

The 36-year old supply technician remembers locking eyes with one of his Canadian Forces superiors at an Ottawa-area gay bar last year. As Cpl. Joe Martin (not his real name) approached the man, the startled warrant officer slipped out the door without a backward glance. Martin, whose past service has included peacekeeping duty in the Middle East, has since noticed that the officer avoids him whenever possible and seems uncomfortable in his presence. Martin says that he understands the warrant officer's behavior, having only recently reconciled his own sexual orientation with his military career. And although the Canadian Forces recently lifted its ban on gays in the military, Martin acknowledges that the stigma of being a homosexual in the Forces is likely to remain for some time. "While some of my colleagues do know I am gay, I am not going to go around telling other people now just because it is permitted," says Martin. "Gays will still be careful—but they are happy with the rule change."

It was a change that came without the raucous public debate that has broken out in the United States over President Bill Clinton's promise to allow homosexuals to serve openly in the U.S. military. The Canadian Forces quietly altered the regulation last October—just after the Federal Court of Canada, in a human rights case initiated by a lesbian, former lieutenant Michelle Douglas, ruled that the longstanding ban on homosexuals contravened the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Since then, headquarters staff in Ottawa have been drafting guidelines to supplement the new, more tolerant policy towards gays by discouraging harassment in the workplace. Douglas for one, applauds the new measures. "It is clear that the Canadian Forces are truly acting on the changes," she said in an interview. "There has been no real backlash by soldiers—and so far there is no moral decay."



JAKE FINDER

Anderson drafting regulations against harassment

But Douglas, 29, acknowledges that gays in the Forces still face a difficult fight—as her own experience attests. She joined the Forces in 1986, graduating from basic training with top honors. Carefully concealing her sexual orientation, Douglas made the rank of lieutenant and in 1988 was posted to the Special Investigation Unit of the military police. But her career prospects began to sour that year when, because of a complaint by one of her colleagues, she herself came under surveillance. After being questioned about her sexual orientation, she was summarily discharged from the Forces on the grounds that she was "not advantageously employable." Douglas, who now works in central Ontario as a federal public servant, took the military to court—and last year won her landmark case, as well as a court-ordered settlement of $100,000 from the department of national defence. Although that settled the legal issues, homosexuals still face more than a century of tradition and ingrained practices. Says Douglas: "Attitudes in the military will be the most difficult thing to change."

In fact, gays and lesbians who are currently serving in the military say that they still routinely encounter prejudice. Although several agreed to speak to *Maclean's* about their experiences, none wanted to be identified. One lesbian corporal, a 13-year veteran of the forces now stationed in Ottawa, recalled trying to pass herself off as heterosexual early in her career by taking male friends to military social functions. She added that rumors about her sexual orientation were at the root of hostility she felt in previous postings—and that in spite of the Forces' new rules, her lesbianism stands in the way of any further promotions. "Because of the macho mind-set of the army, gay men must have had a more difficult time than women, especially in the field," she says. She notes that both women and men have suffered unfairly. "Attitudes here are hard and nasty."

PARENT/POKORESSE

Few heterosexuals in the military appear willing to discuss openly their feelings towards gays. But one army major in his late 40s who spoke to *Maclean's* said that many soldiers believe the department's decision "is morally wrong and will damage the discipline and effectiveness" of the Forces. For his part, a crew member serving on a Canadian destroyer raised the spectre of sexual assaults taking place in ships' showers or living quarters. "On a ship, things are pretty intimate and you get to know everybody pretty well," said the 33-year-old sailor. "I wouldn't feel comfortable knowing that some of my shipmates are gay and might be watching me while I am washing up."

Most gays dismiss such fears as ludicrous. "They say gays might see them in the shower," said a 28-year-old officer cadet who is stationed in Quebec and has moonlighted during his eight-year military career by posing for gay magazines and working part-time as a nude dancer in gay bars. "I tell them they've already been seen in the shower, so get over it."

But attitudes in the Forces are slowly evolving, in part because younger soldiers and officers are often more liberal than their long-serving counterparts. In late February, the department of national defence's consultative committee on social change held a forum at CFB Gagetown in New Brunswick. During the discussion, one non-commissioned officer in his mid-40s loudly denounced the prospect of having to deal with homosexuals on a daily basis. He was challenged by a young officer who said that as Canadian society changes, so must the armed forces. The clash reminded committee member Albert Geddry, 52, of discussions among his fellow soldiers about homosexuals in his early army days. He predicts that as young recruits move up in the ranks, anti-gay sentiment in the forces will diminish. "The older men don't like it and no manner of discussing it is going to change their minds."

Still, Canada's chief of defence staff says that there is little, if any, active resistance to the new rules. While conceding that more senior officers likely opposed the change than supported it, Admiral John Anderson told *Maclean's* that those same officers clearly understand that no wavering on the policy will be tolerated. "They have said, 'I have a personal opinion, but I understand the change and I will support the policy,'" Anderson said.

Anderson says that the Canadian experience has already led to extensive consultation between senior DND officials and their counterparts in the United States. During last year's presidential campaign, Clinton promised to allow open homosexuality in the military. In January, facing a storm of controversy, he backed down somewhat and issued a temporary order to suspend the decades-old policy of asking recruits about their sexual preferences, but maintaining the practice of expelling those who publicly declare their homosexuality.

The issue has stirred impassioned debate. Last week, retired general Norman Schwarzkopf, the Gulf War commander, appeared before a Senate committee and declared his opposition to homosexuality in the military. Another witness, U.S. marine colonel Fred Peck, said that he had spoken to Canadian soldiers in Somalia and it was clear that they were disappointed with the new policy. Said Peck: "They said no gays would dare assert themselves and it would be barracks justice in a very inhospitable environment to step forward."

Meanwhile, having won the right to join the Canadian Forces, gays and lesbians are pressing for more rights, including making same-sex partners eligible for survival benefits and pensions. Another issue is on-base housing, specifically the family-sized homes that are currently available only to married and common-law couples of different sexes. One lesbian soldier said that several years ago she and her partner at the time—also a member of the Forces—considered challenging the rules by applying as a couple for housing. Concern about their careers, she says, stopped them from doing so. But she adds, "Is it not cheaper to house two people in one home than in two?" First, though, the Canadian Forces must deal with another kind of coexistence: ensuring that gays and heterosexuals can work together within the military with as little conflict as possible.

LUKE FISHER *in Ottawa*

COMPARING THE RULES

CANADA	Ended its ban against homosexuals last October, just after the Federal Court of Canada ruled that it was unconstitutional.
GERMANY	No restrictions, although complaints about an individual's behavior could still lead to an investigation and possible discharge.
UNITED STATES	President Bill Clinton has vowed to lift the current ban. Congressional committees are now holding hearings on the issue.
FRANCE	No restrictions, but the military will investigate complaints about an individual's attitudes and actions.
BRITAIN	Gays are barred from the armed forces. Individuals who are discovered to be homosexuals face discharge.
AUSTRALIA	Officially ended its ban against homosexuals on November 26, 1992, largely because of the Canadian example.
THE NETHERLANDS	No restrictions since 1974, although recruits are still asked their sexual orientation for statistical purposes.

Youth and booze: no easy answer

A tragic accident raises public concern about 'bush parties'

On his way out the door of his family's home in Belfountain, a village northwest of Toronto, Damien deRonde gave his mother Paula a hug and assured her that he would be around the next morning to help celebrate Mother's Day. The 19-year-old high school student then rushed off to a time-honored spring ritual—a "bush party." That night, deRonde and hundreds of other young people from the area gathered in a field to drink, listen to music and let off steam on the first balmy Saturday night of the season. It seemed like a perfect way to kick off the summer. Early the next morning, tragedy struck. Minutes after deRonde and four of his friends left the party, their Plymouth Reliant station wagon broke over the crest of a hill and smashed head-on into another car, killing eight people and severely injuring two others. Later, as she sorted through photographs of her son, Paula deRonde had only one wish: "I would give anything to trade places with him. He had his whole life ahead of him."

Inevitably, the tragedy led to anguished calls for a crackdown on bush parties, on drinking and driving and on advertisements that link alcohol with youth and fun. It may also accelerate the push to implement so-called graduated licensing programs across Canada, which would place stricter limits on young, inexperienced drivers. But perhaps the most important lesson of last week's accident was that no amount of planning and precaution can guarantee the safety of young revellers. The host of the party, Damien Deroux, 19, had notified police of his plans and invited them to set up a roadside checkpoint at the entrance to a field on family property. And according to those who were at the party, the young man who was driving the Plymouth Reliant, William Benford, was sober when he climbed behind the wheel. Said Debra Mackenzie, a student who attended the party: "It was an isolated incident. This accident wasn't caused by the party."

Even so, police across Canada say that they are increasingly concerned about the safety of bush parties. At a party in April in the Oakville area, west of Toronto, a teenage girl suffered severe burns when she was accidentally doused with gasoline that was being used to fuel a bonfire. And in Owen Sound, 150 km northwest of Toronto on Georgian Bay, police say that they have have been confronted by as many as 2 000 rowdy youths at bush parties in the area. OPP Staff Sgt. John Tiley said that at one recent party near the town, a young man was pushed into a pit filled with broken glass, slashing one of his wrists.

Fights used to be a common problem at field parties in the southern Alberta city of Lethbridge. But Lethbridge police Insp. Donald Lee said that his officers now use four wheel-drive vehicles to patrol popular locations for bush parties. Meanwhile, property owners are trying to stamp out unauthorized parties on their land by phoning police as soon as they see bonfires. Said Lee: "We know what can happen at these parties if you are not on top of it."

The irony is that if every bush party was as responsibly planned as the one near Belfountain on May 8, police would have much less to complain about. The host, Deroux, spent days organizing the bash on his parents' field just east of the village. He also made it clear that guests who drank too much could stay on the property overnight. Said Deroux in the invitations he sent out: "Tents are welcome for those of you who would prefer to spend the night under the stars than behind bars."

The first guests arrived before dark, and by 11 p.m. about 200 young people were gathered around a roaring bonfire. Craig Bela, 19, a friend of those who died in Benford's car, said that the party was going well because so many friends had returned from university for the summer. "I remember looking up and seeing all my friends there," he recalled. "It was great."

Among the guests were Ryan Parsons, 21, and his 16-year-old brother, Mark. Ryan Parsons was widely known in the area for his sense of humor. Bela said that he and Parsons planned to produce a number of novelty T-shirts, including one that would declare: "Booze saved my life."

Just after midnight, Bela said, Benford asked him if he wanted a ride home. But someone else offered him another drink so he stayed. Benford soon left with deRonde, Ryan and Mark Parsons and Rachel Deane, 18, also of the Belfountain area. Known for her sense of humor and affability, she had just finished her first year at Carleton University in Ottawa.

As Benford's car pulled on to the gravel side road, it was stopped by one of eight OPP cruisers blocking the road, OPP Const. Paul Kasulis said that the police checked the cars for bottles of alcohol and the drivers for signs of impairment. Benford cleared the checkpoint and turned onto the nearby Forks Of The Credit Road, a winding paved sideroad with a 50 km/h speed limit and a number of dangerous curves and hills—one known locally as Blind Man's Hill.







Friends of victims mourning at crash site, Damien deRonde (above); police inspect twisted wreckage of the two cars (top): 'there won't be any parties here for a while'

Police declined to speculate last week how fast Benford had been driving. But Sunil Madoo, a 22-year-old from nearby Brampton, Ont., who was travelling west with two friends that evening, said that Benford's car suddenly raced up behind his Monte Carlo. As they reached the brow of Blind Man's Hill, Madoo said that the Reliant pulled out and tried to pass. At the same instant, headlights from an oncoming Pontiac Grand Am appeared in the eastbound lane. The cars collided in a sickening flash of light and twisting metal. Benford's car then sideswiped Madoo's Monte Carlo, before crashing into a dirt embankment.

Benford's car was on fire by the time Madoo and his two companions rushed over to help. They managed to pry open one of the doors but were unable to remove any of the unconscious victims. Flames quickly engulfed the car and its occupants. They did manage to get four people out of the Grand Am, but Michael Ufton, 20, William Pawlick, 17, and Melisa Doucette, 18, all of Brampton, died. Two other passengers, Ricky Trahan, 20, and Michael Pawlick, 15, were taken to hospital with critical injuries.

Whether or not a party mood or simple fate caused the accident on Blind Man's Hill, police say that they still have grave concerns about field parties. Kasulis said that many of the teenagers who attend such parties are under the legal drinking age, but because they are consuming alcohol on private property the police are powerless to intervene.

One measure that might save lives is a new graduated licensing program that is scheduled to come into effect in Ontario by the end of the year. On May 6, Ontario Transportation Minister Gilles Pouliot introduced legislation that would ban people who have been driving less than 18 months from operating a motor vehicle after consuming even one drink. All new drivers, not just teenagers, would also be prohibited from using major highways at any time or from driving after midnight for up to one year.

British Columbia and Nova Scotia are also studying graduated licensing programs. James Vance, Nova Scotia's director of highway safety, said that during public hearings into the proposals in February and March, teenagers were generally in favor of the proposal. But others disagree. Steven West, the minister responsible for the Alberta Motor Vehicle Licensing Division, said that graduated licensing would be a nightmare to enforce. Said West: "I have yet to be convinced it is workable."

The day after the Ontario tragedy, hundreds of grief-stricken friends and relatives of the victims drove up the hill to the accident site. Many brought flowers to lay against the roadside embankment under a tree that had been burned black by the inferno. Meanwhile, in a field where hundreds of young adults had happily partied, there were only a few signs to indicate that the event had even taken place. The grass, turned lush green by a sudden burst of warm weather, was still matted by tire tracks. Dozens of broken beer bottles lay heaped in the fire pit. "There won't be any parties here for a while," Bela said. Many police and parents hope he is right.

TOM FENNELL *in Belfountain*

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Muslim militiaman in central Bosnia: international handwringing

DEFIANCE

THE SERBS OF BOSNIA ARE READY TO TAKE ON THE WORLD

It is just a patch of bare ground littered with a few bits of scrap paper and scraggly weeds. On a hot and dusty afternoon last week in the ramshackle Bosnian hamlet of Kozluk, a few wary looking people loitered nearby and shot suspicious glances at a group of visitors. But a passing Serbian soldier, swinging an automatic rifle in his hand, quickly cleared up the mystery of why the heart of the town is empty and lifeless. "There used to be a mosque there," he said, and then added quickly with a grin, "now, there isn't."

Kozluk's missing mosque explains, as much as anything can, why the Serbs of Bosnia-Herzegovina continue to defy the world. Until a year ago, the town's population was almost entirely Muslim. When war broke out last spring, the Muslims fled or were driven out of their homes by Serbian soldiers. In their place have come Serbian refugees from central Bosnia, fleeing attacks from Muslim fighters there. Now, almost all of the town's 4,500 people are Serbs, living in houses that once belonged to Muslims. The homes they fled from, they say, are most likely occupied by Muslim refugees—or destroyed. And some time after Kozluk suffered its local version of "ethnic cleansing," the mosque was razed to the ground. Every bit of rubble was carted away, leaving no sign that a building—or its worshippers—had existed.

The Serbian message is brutally clear: Muslims of eastern Bosnia can never return, regardless of whatever peace plan the outside world devises. "They already took everything from us," said 20-year-old Verica Martinovic as she strolled along one of Kozluk's rutted back alleys. "We cannot leave." Taking someone else's home because you have lost your own may not be fair, Martinovic conceded, but she said that she has no choice. "I'd like to go back to my house, but it was burned down," she said. "There's nothing to go back to."

In the eyes of most of the world, the people who have carved the self-proclaimed Srpska (Serbian) Republic out of Serbian-controlled areas of Bosnia are the key obstacle to peace in the Balkans. Governments in Europe, the United States and Canada have urged them to accept a peace plan, put forward by European envoy Lord Owen and American Cyrus Vance, that would divide Bosnia into 10 semi-autonomous ethnic cantons. Even Slobodan Milosevic, the leader of neighboring Serbia and the Bosnian Serbs' closest ally, joined the chorus. He called on them to endorse the plan and proclaimed an end to Serbia's backing for their campaign.

But the rationale of international diplomacy collides with the reality of Bosnia in the district of Zvornik, a startlingly beautiful landscape of pine-covered hills that includes Kozluk. The Vance-Owen solution would return the town and the area around it to Muslim control. If that happens, local Serbs would either have to move again or, more fearfully, face retribution from their enemies. So it was unsurprising that their mood was defiant as they prepared last week to vote in a referendum on the peace plan. "We are under pressure from all sides," conceded Dragan Spasojevic, the 27-year-old president of the Zvornik regional council. "But the more pressure there is, the more people are determined to resist."

Reasons for that determination are apparent everywhere. At the western end of the bridge that crosses the Drina River from Serbia to Bosnia is one of Zvornik's most arresting sights: a new cemetery that was hastily created to inter the remains of Serbs killed in the fighting. At almost any hour, families can be seen trudging through the freshly-turned earth, laying flowers on the graves of husbands, wives, sons and daughters. Black-bordered death notices adorned with Orthodox crosses and the names of young men are posted on walls and in windows throughout the area, commemorating slain Serbian fighters. "The bitterness is enormous," says Zoran Tesic, the mayor of nearby Bratunac, another town that would revert to Muslim control under the Vance-Owen plan. "This is Serb land as far back as we can remember. The general mood is to stay and not abandon the land."

Threats of Western military action seem only to make the Serbs more insistent on not conceding an inch of land. Just across the Drina from Zvornik one afternoon last week, militant Serbs from both Bosnia and Serbia rallied in the town of Loznica to hear the ultranationalist leader of the Serbian Radical Party, Vojislav Seselj, hurl defiance at the world. Although the West has painted Milosevic as the chief apostle of Serbian nationalism, Seselj makes the Serbian president look like a moderate by comparison as he warns Western nations not to intervene. "If they want to win this war they will have to send 200,000 ground troops and bring thousands upon thousands of coffins with them," he told a crowd of 5,000 supporters. Seselj's followers, who include a much-feared paramilitary wing that has been accused of some of the bloodiest massacres in Bosnia, had an equally blunt message for U.S. President Bill Clinton, waving placards warning: "Clinton, do you want another Vietnam?"

But the U.S. President was already shying away last week from direct American involvement in the Bosnian mess. After the Bosnian Serb parliament voted to reject the Vance-Owen plan on May 5, Clinton's administration had sounded distinctly hawkish, proposing to arm the Bosnian Muslims and back them up with air attacks on Serbian artillery positions and supply lines. But Britain and France refused to support any military action that would favor one side of what they view as essentially a civil war. Nor were European and Canadian leaders willing to adopt a policy of military strikes that might prompt Serbian revenge attacks on their peacekeepers in Bosnia.

The result was a confusing, ever-shifting and often incoherent Western stance. By late last week, Clinton backed away from giving the Bosnian Muslims direct military support, but not before it sparked an angry, public verbal fracas between American and European officials over the other side's position. Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's comments during his farewell tour of European capitals only underscored the allies' differences, at times warning against the folly of military intervention, at others seeming to suggest that force was the only option. And attempts to paint the Serbs as the villains in Bosnia were undermined when Croatian forces launched fierce attacks last week against Muslims around the southern Bosnian city of Mostar. That made the idea of singling out Serbian forces as targets for Western punishment seem even more unrealistic—as well as unfair.

> *"There will be no military strikes by any friends or allies of ours, I can guarantee yoo of thot."*
>
> —Brian Mulroney, Moscow, May 7

> *"Force is sometimes inescapable."*
>
> —Brian Mulroney, London, May 12

None of the international hand-wringing, however, was having any apparent effect on Bosnia's Serbs. Even Milosevic's decision to court Western favor by pressing the Bosnian Serbs to accept the Vance-Owen plan seemed only to increase their resolve. Spasojevic, the Zvornik leader, noted bitterly that Milosevic holds power because he posed as the champion of all Serbs, both inside and outside Serbia proper. "But now," said Spasojevic, "he has betrayed us." And Seselj, the radical nationalist who until recently has been Milosevic's main ally, also accused the Belgrade government of selling out "our brothers across the Drina." That set the stage for a further spread of the conflict—into the heart of Serbia itself.

ANDREW PHILLIPS *in Kozluk*

World Notes

BACK TO THE FUTURE

After 10 years and an investment of more than $29 billion, the U.S. government scrapped the Strategic Defence Initiative, or Star Wars, former president Ronald Reagan's quixotic program to build a space-based anti-missile shield over America. Defence Secretary Les Aspin said that "the fate of Star Wars was sealed by the collapse of the Soviet Union." The Pentagon will instead concentrate on upgrading ground-based missile defences.

A HUMANITARIAN GESTURE

The developer of the first malaria vaccine, Colombian Dr. Manuel Elkin Patarroyo, announced that he will transfer all legal rights to his vaccine to the United Nations' World Health Organization. Initial clinical tests have shown the vaccine to be very effective against malaria, a mosquito-borne disease that kills around three million people a year.

INFERNO IN THAILAND

Fire raced through a doll factory outside Bangkok, killing more than 200 workers trapped inside. Police said the building did not have fire alarms or proper fire escapes, and a private security guard said that some exits were deliberately locked as a security precaution against theft. Most of the victims were young women, who make up about 80 per cent of Thailand's low-wage factory workforce.

GLOBAL GROWTH

Growing at a rate of 90 million people annually, the world's population will top 5.5 billion this year and reach six billion by 1997, according to the Washington-based Population Reference Bureau. The private group's report shows that nearly all the population growth is in developing countries—especially in Africa, where women bear more than six children on average, compared with 1.8 in Canada.

SAVING THE WHALES

Eight years after imposing a moratorium on commercial whaling, the International Whaling Commission turned down a request by Japan for an emergency one-time allocation of 50 minke whales. Environmentalists called the Japanese request an attempt to set the stage for resumption of large-scale commercial operations. Japan avoided another setback when the commission decided to put off voting on a French proposal for a whale sanctuary in the Antarctic. Norway threatened to quit the commission and resume commercial hunting despite the ban.

THE BALKANS

Children of rape

The war produces a new generation of victims

The physical scars that mar her legs are not the only reminders of the six nights last August when three Muslim soldiers repeatedly gang-raped her in an abandoned fallout shelter in the cold, dark basement of her Sarajevo apartment building. Nor are the emotional wounds that the 29-year-old Serbian woman with long, dark hair and a striking, sensitive face tries to hide within—the pain, fear and shame that linger even though she knows that she bears no responsibility for her fate. Beyond her memories of the way that she struggled and fought, hoping that each night would be the last, is the most enduring legacy of the soldiers' attacks: the life that she now carries within her bulging belly as she waits to give birth any day. And as she summons the courage to tell her story in a strong, deep voice, it becomes clear that Ana—a pseudonym used to protect her identity—has nothing in common with most expectant mothers who eagerly anticipate the arrival of a child. Instead of wondering about her baby's sex, who it will resemble or what personality traits it will inherit, Ana spends her energy desperately holding those questions at bay. "I don't feel anything towards this child," she says bleakly, glancing around a hotel coffee shop in Belgrade, Serbia's capital. "My feelings towards this child are like my feelings towards this wall. This child I do not want."



Abandoned baby boy in Zagreb: 'we can bring up these children'

Ana has already signed the documents to surrender her baby for adoption because, after finally escaping Sarajevo, her pregnancy was too far advanced for an abortion. Instead, she wound up in an orphanage in Belgrade, home to 124 refugee children and 15 mothers with infants who have also fled the fighting. And soon, Ana's child—a child of rape—will join uncounted others who are products of the barbarism of the former Yugoslavia's civil war.

No one knows for sure how many of these children have been conceived or will be born—or what their futures hold. The European Community initially estimated that 20,000 women were raped by soldiers. Others put the number much higher, but the figures are largely guesses. Many victims—Muslims, Croats and Serbs alike—remain silent, muted by fear, by shame, by anguish and by societal taboo. "There should be no doubt in anyone's mind that rape is being used in different ways by all parties to the conflict," says Dorothy Thomas, the Washington-based head of the Women's Project of the human rights organization Helsinki Watch. "All parties have been guilty of sexually abusing women." And Ana and other victims say that forcible impregnation has been a deliberate part of that abuse.

Fearing that the ethnic and religious hatred at the heart of the Balkan conflict could leave the children abandoned by all three sides, many potential adoptive parents have come forward from Canada, the United States and Europe. The Belgrade institution where Ana's baby will enter the world has been flooded with requests from foreign couples wanting to adopt war orphans and children born of rapes, said its director, Dr. Milan Radojevic. But the centre has also had 130 adoption requests from Serbian citizens. And according to Radojevic, they will be given preference before foreigners of Yugoslav descent and then other foreigners are allowed to adopt. Similar sentiments were expressed in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, where Jelena Brašja, director of the Roman Catholic charity Caritas, said that she has received up to a half dozen calls every day from all over the world from people wanting to adopt the babies that she has in her care—six in total. But Brašja added that local couples should be given the first chance to adopt. "We have a centuries-old culture here and we can manage to bring up these children," said Brašja. "We are not savages."

Across town at Zagreb's Rebro Hospital, Dr. Izet Aganovic says that the Red Crescent Society, the Muslim equivalent of the Red Cross, is caring for six babies of Muslim women who were raped and then rejected their children. Unlike Brašja and Radojevic, however, Aganovic does not believe that the children should remain in the war-torn region. "From a psychological point of view, for the future of these babies, they must be adopted," he said. "And the best thing is to send them far away from here."

Despite their differences, Serb, Croat and Muslim caregivers are united on one point: the youngsters should not grow up labelled "rape children." At the Belgrade orphanage, the staff has decided not to tell adoptive parents the truth about how such children were conceived. "Why put that on the shoulders of the baby?" asked Dr. Ljubica Tohol, a psychiatrist at the facility. "The babies are innocent." But social worker Ligana Bolic says that she is concerned about how staff members will respond if any of the children in their care one day return to the orphanage seeking information on their biological parents. Among the babies is Sofie, a tiny seven-month old girl whose mother, like Ana, was raped and decided to give her child up for adoption. Sofie will stay at the orphanage until she is nine months old and perhaps then be adopted. "I hope she will be happy," says Dr. Olivera Timotijevic, her pediatrician.

But amid the atrocities of war, happiness is rare, the pain ever intense. "I decided to put everything behind me,' says Ana. "I cannot think about it any more." In the final days of her pregnancy, the young woman whose child will never know her says she is aware that giving up her baby can never erase the memory of the three men who took turns raping her in the cold, dark basement. "It doesn't matter how much I try to forget it," she says. "I know that it will be forever with me."

LAURA EGGERTSON *in Belgrade*



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A TRADE DEAL IN POLITICAL LIMBO

On the evening of Nov. 3, 1992, a raucous crowd of American expatriates crowded around a flickering television set in a smoky, upstairs room at the King's Road Pub in Mexico City. As the returns for the U.S. presidential election began to show a victory for the Democratic party and Bill Clinton, the Americans, mostly Democrats, began discussing what the new president would bring. But although the prospect of sweeping change was clearly cause for anticipation—and even celebration—in that gathering, the reaction of Mexican government officials to the election of the first Democratic president in 12 years was considerably more subdued. And in the six months since that election, those initial reservations about the agenda of the new administration have mounted, especially concerning the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Despite Clinton's general endorsement of the controversial three-way trade deal among Canada, the United States and Mexico, there is growing unease in many quarters about whether NAFTA will receive congressional approval—even though Clinton's party has a majority in both the House of Representatives and the Senate. Said Joseph Jockel, director of Canadian studies at the Centre for Strategic and International Studies in Washington: "It is far from being a done deal. The Clinton administration may be willing to push it, but that just may not be enough."

In fact, anxiety about the fate of NAFTA has been on the rise since April 27, when U.S. budget director Leon Panetta told reporters that the deal would be "dead" if it were put to a vote in Congress now. Despite the efforts of the White House to contain the fallout from Panetta's remarks, the ensuing panic has renewed the debate about the use of trade sanctions as a means of enforcing proposed North American environmental and labor standards. From the outset, Clinton has insisted that so-called side agreements establishing such standards must be negotiated before NAFTA is presented to Congress for approval. But while Canada and Mexico have agreed to participate in that process, which resumes this week in Ottawa, they are clearly reluctant to accept use of trade sanctions. And as political support for the trade agreement wavers in Washington, some observers say that disagreement over that principle could put NAFTA under heightened pressure as the deadline for its ratification approaches.



Industrial site in Mexico: environmental standards

CLINTON MAY BE BACKING NAFTA, BUT THAT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO SAVE THE DEAL IN CONGRESS

The roots of that reluctance run deep. As lesser partners in the deal, Canada and Mexico are equally leery of giving the United States a tool that could potentially be transformed into a protectionist weapon in a future trade dispute. And while both nations concur that enhanced anti-pollution and workers' rights clauses are valid additions to the NAFTA document, they do not want to relinquish any national jurisdiction over those areas to a tripartite body—despite their eagerness to counter U.S. political drift and to implement the trade deal by Jan. 1, 1994. Said International Trade Minister Michael Wilson: "There's a range of possible approaches here, but I think trade sanctions are not the way to go—there are different ways of achieving things."

The strong emphasis that Clinton has placed on NAFTA's labor and environmental clauses reflects, in part, the political imperative to put his own personal stamp on the deal, which he inherited from former Republican president George Bush. But Clinton is also under significant public pressure from Congress to give those side agreements real clout. Last week, in a speech to the Economic Strategy Institute, a Washington-based policy research group, Democrat Richard Gephardt, the house majority leader in Congress, stated that "without strong supplementals, NAFTA can't pass." He added that the deadline for the trade deal should be extended if the side agreements are not tough enough.

At least some of the apparent indifference to NAFTA in congressional circles has come about because of the recent preoccupation with Clinton's domestic economic strategy and the health care issue. Furthermore, the opponents to NAFTA and the lobbyists for the side deals are highly organized and vocal. The deal's supporters, however, tend to be spread over a wide range of business and corporate interests

Business Notes

A ROUGH LANDING
Nationair's court-appointed trustee declared the Montreal company bankrupt. The financially troubled airline, the third-largest in Canada, was placed under bankruptcy protection on March 22. On April 1, the National Transportation Agency revoked the charter airline's operating permits because it had failed to renew its insurance. Nationair owes about $75 million to its creditors.

CURRENCY CUTS
European Community finance officials devalued the Spanish peseta and the Portuguese escudo. That measure was the latest in a series of moves to try to bring stability to the European Monetary System, which has been struck by turmoil since last fall. The monetary grid links the currencies of the dozen members of the European Community. The reduction in the value of the peseta was the third since September. It was the second for the escudo since November. Devaluation makes a country's exports cheaper and tends to boost the economy.

THE DEBTING GAME
It was a case of bad news and good news for two provinces. Dominion Bond Rating Service Ltd. of Toronto downgraded its rating of Newfoundland and Saskatchewan bonds, even as it praised each province's recent austerity budgets. However, the Canadian Bond Rating Service Ltd. of Montreal confirmed its higher ratings of the provinces' bonds, while Moody's Investors Service of New York City gave a vote of confidence to Saskatchewan.

HEES'S HEADACHES
Plummeting investment income and another large write-down for loan-loss provisions contributed to a $75-million first-quarter loss for troubled Royal Trustco Ltd. of Toronto. The company is controlled by the Toronto-based Hees-Edper corporate empire. Royal Trustco, which is currently negotiating to sell most of its assets to the Royal Bank of Canada, reported income of $24 million for the same period last year. Also within the Hees-Edper group of companies, 50 senior managers at mining and resource conglomerate Noranda Inc. have escaped their compulsory share purchase plans. On May 10, the executives sold 1.6 million shares and used part of the proceeds to repay loans they had received from Noranda to buy the stock. At other affiliates, including Brascan Ltd. and Hees International Bancorp Inc., the company has assisted executives with the refinancing of similar stock-purchase loans.

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and have to date shown relatively little initiative in promoting their perspective.

Despite that political drift, U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor insists that the negotiation of labor and environmental standards can be concluded by July and put before Congress in August. Wilson told *Maclean's* that he agrees with Kantor that major strides on the side agreements will soon be made. "Where we're looking now and where the different views are being expressed is how we enforce the activities and the response of governments," he said.

Already in Canada, the final stages of NAFTA's ratification are well under way. A House of Commons committee completed a review of the legislation on May 13 and sent the bill back to the full House for a third and final reading. If the federal government limits its debate on the bill as it has done at previous stages, NAFTA could pass to the Senate as early as May 27. Parliament is scheduled to rise for the summer on June 23.

Despite the blatant political manoeuvring around NAFTA in Washington, Clinton's recent attempts to reshape such key parts of it cut to the very heart of the new age of globalized markets and freer trade. While economists have heralded the advent of broader international markets and the merits of expanded trade blocs for some time, the infinite detail of administering such regimes still remains largely unsettled to date. And for the first time, international trade policy is now beginning to test limits in the historically sacrosanct realm of national sovereignty. In a recent collection of articles in a joint U.S.-Canadian study of NAFTA, *Ties Beyond Trade* economists William Robson and Jonathan Lemco wrote: "When tariffs and other trade barriers are substantial, variations in policies such as labor standards or social benefits have a relatively small impact on competitiveness; when trade is freer, these variations loom larger."

While the European Community (EC) has been wrangling for years to define the scope of the various multinational agencies required to regulate its open markets, the North American trade situation presents even greater challenges because of the extreme disparity between the three signatories. Unlike Europe, where many of the nations share parallel historical and cultural experiences, there are broad differences among Canada, the United States and Mexico. Said Murray Smith, director of the Centre for Trade Policy and Law at Carleton University in Ottawa: "NAFTA is such a tough deal—and such a very different one from the EC—because the players are so utterly asymmetrical."

Indeed, the testy debate over the development of North American environmental standards is one area where such disparities are especially acute. Analysts say that many Mexicans tend to view environmental concerns as a luxury for rich, economically developed nations. Said Roberto Salinas-Leon, director of economics at the Centre for Free Enterprise Studies in Mexico City: "There is a very gradual growth in awareness about conservation and environmental issues. We'll need at least six-per-cent economic growth for 10 years before Mexicans are in the position to consider the environment before just getting enough to eat and drink." Carlos Ramirez, a political analyst at the Mexican newspaper *El Financiero*, added: "Mexico is in transition from a state economy to a capitalist economy with social concerns—we can't suddenly be judged by the same measures as the other North American economies."

Some trade experts also suggest that the hard-line approach of U.S. environmental groups, which has frequently been marked by litigation, may also be an obstacle in developing shared standards. Said Peter Morici, a professor of trade economics at the University of Maine in Orono: "American environmentalists have a real cops-and-badges style. They are obsessed with compliance and control. With a country like Mexico, you need to bring about sustainable, cultural changes in attitude instead of marching around with a rule book." Carleton's Smith added that the Canadian approach of "inducing compliance" rather than imposing fines and threatening lawsuits is also at odds with U.S.-style environmental enforcement.


Sewing men's wear in Cuernavaca, Mexico: contentious

The negotiation of a NAFTA side agreement on labor standards is fraught with many of the same sensitivities. While claiming concern about worker and union rights, organized labor in the United States is clearly attempting to reduce the wage gap that makes Mexican industrial labor and growing productivity such a threat to U.S. competitiveness. However, the labor issues are even more contentious than environmental ones, because they have a direct impact upon Mexico's political and economic stability.

According to political analysts, close links between labor and politicians have kept Mexico's Institutional Revolutionary Party in power for 64 years. Most recently, those ties have allowed President Carlos Salinas de Gortari to achieve significant economic reforms, including massive corporate privatization and control of the country's once rampant inflation. And it is that restructuring that has allowed Mexico to participate in NAFTA and to become an attractive trade partner for the United States in the first place.

Yet another growing concern among NAFTA supporters is that the focus of the Clinton administration is being diverted not only by domestic issues but by other trade issues as well. The protracted negotiation of the Uruguay round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) by 112 countries is scheduled to take place in Tokyo in early July. And on May 14, in Toronto, senior trade ministers from the EC, Canada, the United States and Japan gathered for preliminary discussions about the contentious issue of market access. Increasingly, as Clinton heads into what may be the most critical—and delicate—phase in the evolution of U.S. trade policy for the next century, he must now add juggling to his list of political skills.

DEIRDRE McMURDY *with* *HILARY MACKENZIE in Washington*

A COMMITMENT—NAFTA OR NOT

Quebecor Printing Inc. and the Bank of Nova Scotia represent two very different sectors of the Canadian economy. They do, however, have at least one thing in common: in anticipation that Canada, the United States and Mexico would sign the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), each organization has established a foothold in Mexico. In December, 1991, Montreal-based Quebecor Printing bought Graficas Monte Alban SA, a company in Queretaro, north of Mexico City, that specializes in book printing and binding. Last August, the Toronto-based bank paid $92 million, for a five-per-cent stake in Grupo Financiero Inverlat SA, Mexico's fourth largest financial group. Now, the bank and the printer have one more thing in common despite the political uncertainty surrounding the trade deal, executives at each say that they are committed to remain in Mexico. "Mexico is very important to us with or without NAFTA," said William Sutton, the bank's executive vice-president for Latin America. Added Charles Cavell, president of Quebecor Printing: "We *will* carry on, because in the end there will be a deal."

For Quebecor Printing, the largest commercial printer in Canada and the second-largest in North America behind R.R. Donnelley & Sons Co. of Chicago, the Mexican purchase was part of the company's overall strategy to become more active in international markets. Cavell said that until just a few years ago, many of Quebecor's plants did a wide variety of printing work, from flyers to magazines. Now, most of the company's 59 plants produce more highly specialized work. The Mexican plant, for one, prints Spanish-language books for Hachette SA of France and Reader's Digest Association Inc., of Pleasantville, N.Y. Eventually, Cavell said, Quebecor Printing hopes to use its Mexican base as a springboard for all of Latin America. He added, "In this business, you must either be a niche local player, or be a global player."

For its part, Scotiabank signed the investment deal with Inverlat to support its Canadian clients in conducting business in Mexico. To help steer that business through the necessary steps, the banks each have three officers working in one another's head office. But even without NAFTA, Sutton said, Mexico represents significant opportunity. The country has addressed many of its economic problems, it has the world's 13th largest gross domestic product ($400 billion) and it has an emerging middle class that is demanding new financial services, he explained. "Mexicans tend to be very under-banked," he added. "In Canada, there is one bank branch for every 3,500 people. In Mexico, there is one branch for every 19,000 people." Soon, Quebecor and Scotiabank may find they have one more thing in common: that their move into Mexico was well worthwhile.

BARBARA WICKENS

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Jim Edwards, the would-be kingmaker

BY PETER C NEWMAN

The Edmonton MP has about as much charisma as Bob Stanfield on a rainy day—or Michael Wilson on a sunny one

As the Conservative leadership race accelerates towards its June climax in Ottawa, the candidacy of Edmonton MP Jim Edwards has exposed a regionally important and particularly Canadian phenomenon: the spirit of Alberta on the hoof, vowing to take on all comers.

Edwards has about as much chance of winning the race as Ben Johnson, but his run is not without significance.

If Alberta clings to any political faith, it is that each individual should live by the illumination of his own inner light. The place is full of thrust and sky. Even if the Oil Patch has declined in relative importance, this is still tomorrow country. Life and commerce are still tinged with that special excitement of being on a frontier, of existing on the edge of one's undiscovered potential.

Because the recession has frayed some of their self-confidence, Albertans are less interested in grabbing more political power than in holding on to the clout they already have. The Old Boys network that still runs the province forms a social and psychological entity that selects certain personality types and rejects others. That's why Joe Clark, who has spent the past 21 years in Ottawa, is no longer considered a native son.

Unlike the people of Saskatchewan, who opted for collective action through socialism, Albertans became determined to gain independence through individualism, abandoning their natural predilection of enjoying solitude for the Darwinian ethic of unbridled capitalism. Free enterprise became not a slogan but a way of life. True Albertans distrust questions that reach beyond life's reckonables, believing in the message of the Ferrari ad that claims 'what can be conceived, can be created."

They despise socialism in all its forms. When Bill Hopper was still a power in Calgary as head of the Ottawa-controlled Petro Canada, an active whispering campaign claimed that he was only "an accidental Canadian." This was based on the fact that his father was studying at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., and that his child would have been born in the United States, had his mother not jumped into the family's 12-cylinder converted hearse and driven herself across the border so that her son could be be born on Canadian soil.

James Steward Edwards, 56, the MP for Edmonton Southwest since 1984, is solidly in the Alberta mould. A big man with a resonant radio-announcer's voice (he spent 20 years behind the microphone at Edmonton's CFRN), he projects quiet authority and a feel-safe image designed to soothe voters trying to survive the shifty 1990s.

During my interview on the afternoon of last week's leadership candidates' debate in Vancouver, he appeared convinced that the power of the convention had passed to its undecided delegates, and that he had a genuine chance of winning. He does have a solid base among Alberta delegates, but not even all of the Tory Edmonton MPs are supporting his cause.

He claimed to have around 200 delegates on his team and figured that somehow the Tory party, anxious to maintain its mainstream roots, would turn to him. Even though that scenario is highly unlikely, this is a fairly good reading of the mood of the party, if not the country. Edwards is nothing if not conventional at a time when every social and economic convention is being shattered.

Edwards will not win anything except a front-bench perch in the next Tory leader's cabinet, though he could be the king- or queenmaker in a tight second or third ballot. Despite his good intentions, the Edmonton politician has about as much charisma as Bob Stanfield on a rainy day—or Michael Wilson on a sunny one. His private briefing notes from John Laschinger, his campaign manager, advised Edwards to be "passionate and animated" in the Vancouver debate. He was neither. The mood he emotes is the brooding diffidence of a man waiting for something that has already happened.

The heart of the Edwards platform is a fairly detailed proposal to cut federal spending by a minimum of $10 billion a year until the deficit, and eventually the national debt, are wiped out. He would reduce the number of cabinet ministers from 35 to 20, review defence spending (although he wants to maintain the helicopter replacement program); freeze Canadian support to the European Bank for Renewal and Development; privatize *all* Crown corporations, including the Post Office, CN Marine, Atlantic Atomic Energy Ltd., Via Rail and the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp.; dramatically cut back CIDA funding by limiting overseas aid to countries that have credible programs for democracy and human rights; sell federal real estate holdings in major urban centres; abolish the secretary of state's department and remove funding from all special interest and lobby groups; close a clutch of Canadian embassies and sell off most of external affairs' foreign real estate holdings; review and de-index parliamentary and civil service pensions; cut back the environmental Green Plan, phase out agricultural subsidies; reduce the public service by 25,000 employees in the next four years, and do away with corporate tax write-offs.

"Canada has run out of soft options," he told me. "Confidence of Canadians in the political process has been seriously eroded. So instead of trying to untie the Gordian knot of special interests and lobbies, we need to cut right through it and respond directly to Canada's problems." Never having been in the cabinet, Edwards believes that he is less fettered than Kim Campbell or Jean Charest and feels that, despite his hard-core conservatism, he is enlightened on contemporary social issues.

"There are those," he says, "who expect me to say that I wouldn't permit homosexuals and lesbians to have protection regarding employment. But I believe that it's wrong to deny these people work because of their sexual practices. On the other hand, I don't accept the notion that the definition of a family ought to be twisted to mean anything other than the traditional pattern, since the original purpose was procreation and nurturing of the offspring."

And that's Conservatism, Alberta-style.

A KINDER, GENTLER TERENCE TRENT

He blasted onto the North American music scene in 1987 with a hit song, *Wishing Well*, and plenty of media hype. Six years later, Terence Trent D'Arby says that he has given up chasing that kind of success with the release of his third album, *Symphony or Damn*. Said the New York-based singer: "It is not the artist's concern whether something hits or doesn't hit. It is the expression of what is inside him." D'Arby does admit, however, to having played games with the media to draw attention to his music before the release of his second album, *Neither Fish nor Flesh*, his pronouncements about his own talent earned him a reputation for egomania—and critics panned the album. Now, 31-year-old D'Arby says that he was naïve in his attempt to gain publicity. But he added, "I still maintain that I am very proud of every record I have ever released."

Border hopping



ERIN ELDER/MACLEAN'S

Irving: 'those drunk yahoos'

Novelist **John Irving** crosses the U.S.-Canadian border a lot. He and his wife, Toronto literary agent **Janet Turnbull**, and their baby son, **Everett**, commute between their home in Vermont and an apartment in Toronto. But the 51-year-old author of the best-sellers *The World According to Garp* and *A Prayer for Owen Meany* has little patience for those who argue that either country is better than the other. "Every time I see anybody waving a flag, it reminds me of those drunk yahoos riding in convertibles after the home team has won a game," said Irving, adding that his sleep has recently been interrupted by marauding Toronto Maple Leaf fans. On a more serious level, nationalism is also a central theme in his new novel, due out in 1994, about an Indian born doctor who lives in Toronto. Meanwhile, Americans who want to buy a copy of Irving's latest best-seller, *Trying to Save Piggy Sneed*, a collection of eight previously published stories and essays, will have to order it from abroad—it is only available in Canada and England.

SUCCESS IN TOUGH TIMES



ERIN ELDER/MACLEAN'S

Luft: 'call us close'

Stage veteran **Lorna Luft** has few illusions about Broadway during a recession. "It's getting harder," said the 40-year-old singer and dancer. "There are not that many shows, and once you get the show, you never know if it's going to be a hit." Luft clearly does not have to worry about that. For the past eight months, she has starred as Miss Adelaide in *Guys and Dolls*, a Tony Award-winning production that travels to Toronto next month and then to Japan. Luft, a daughter of screen legend **Judy Garland**, plays down the impact that a famous mother had on her career. "In this business, no one really cares who you're related to," said Luft. But her relationship with her half-sister **Liza Minnelli**, with whom she will perform during the June 6 Tony ceremonies, is clearly important to her. "I guess you could call us close," Luft explained. "If talking on the phone three times a day is close."



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Diana: who has been listening?

TAPED TIFFS

Britain's royals seem scarcely to have uttered a word in recent years that has not been taped by some perfidious recording device. Last week, London's *The Sun* published the transcript of a quarrel between Charles and Diana, the Prince and Princess of Wales, over custody of their children, allegedly recorded shortly before the couple seperated last December. Then the paper printed what it said was a two-year-old conversation between Diana and a friend in which the princess called her marriage "an impossible situation." But the unhappy contents of the conversations themselves have been overshadowed by a fracas over the origins of the recordings.



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The Sun claimed that the tapes were made by Britain's internal security service, MI-5. James Whitaker, who writes for the rival *Daily Mirror*, accused *The Sun* of stealing one of the transcripts from draft copies of his new book, *Charles vs. Diana*. But Whitaker also accused British intelligence of tapping the telephones of the Royal Family "from the Queen on down." Britain's security chief denied that the royals were under surveillance. Unconvinced, Opposition MPs demanded a public inquiry. Home Secretary Kenneth Clarke refused, arguing that there was "not the slightest shred of evidence to support the reported claim that MI-5 or any part of the security services" were involved in making the recordings. But he did concede, for the first time, that somebody seems to have been bugging the royals. Said Clarke: "I imagine there's good money in it."



Winnipeg ingenue Ma-Anne Dionisio sings her way into the spotlight as Miss Saigon

A Star Is Born

It opens in a Saigon bar called Dreamland. The Vietnam War is winding down. And hookers in bikinis and heels are bumping and grinding their way into the hearts and pants of American marines. A pimp in a purple suit, a Eurasian reptile known as The Engineer, shoves a new girl into the fray, singing: "She's sort of a virgin, more or less." She is an orphan from the country named Kim. A waif in a white dress. Frozen by shyness and fear. With an angelic voice, she starts to sing: "I'm 17 and I'm new here today. The village I come from seems so far away."

Kim is Miss Saigon, the tragic heroine of the megamusical that opens on May 26 in Toronto, christening the lavish new Princess of Wales Theatre. And the voice belongs to Ma-Anne Dionisio, a 19-year-old Filipino immigrant from Winnipeg. She is the new girl in the Dreamland of industrial-strength theatre. Like Kim, she is far from home, a working girl braving the perils of show business. The third of five daughters in a family that moved from the Philippines three years ago, Ma-Anne (born Norma Anne) is the product of a strict Roman Catholic upbringing. As a child, she dreamed of becoming a nun. Now, she is playing a reluctant prostitute—and acting out love scenes more mature than anything she has experienced offstage.

Seasoned Broadway star Kevin Gray, cast in the pivotal role of The Engineer, performs the big production numbers and takes the central bow at the end. But Dionisio, who is singing onstage for all but three scenes, is Miss Saigon. It is a demanding role. And, as a newborn star, she represents the hopes and dreams of a cast that is largely young, inexperienced and Canadian. "It's a lot of pressure," she said in a *Maclean's* interview last week. "I get up in the night and just start crying. And I'm thinking, *'Can I really do this?'* I get so scared, because I'm so afraid of letting people down."

The stakes are high. After *Cats*, *The Phantom of the Opera* and *Les Misérables*, *Miss Saigon* is the juggernaut of megamusicals. It has already conquered London, Broadway and Tokyo. In Toronto, father-son entrepreneurs Ed and David Mirvish, like postmodern Medicis mocking the recession, have built the $28-million Princess of Wales Theatre specifically to accommodate it (page 34). The production itself cost another $12 million to mount. And next week, when the curtain rises on opening night, all that weight will be riding on Dionisio's delicate five-foot, two-inch, 102-lb. frame. As the show's associate director, Mitchell Lemsky, put it, "Millions of dollars and the reputations of men with huge egos are resting on the shoulders of this 19-year-old girl." But he added: "I'm not worried. She's a performer at heart."

Created by lyricist Alain Boublil and composer Claude-Michel Schönberg, the French team that wrote *Les Misérables*, *Miss Saigon* transposes the story of *Madame Butterfly*, the Puccini opera, to Vietnam. A kind of East-meets-West side story, it is the tale of a Saigon bar girl who falls desperately in love with an American marine, who abandons her when he joins the evacuation of U.S. troops at the end of the war. Cameron Mackintosh, the British-based co-producer who also mounted *The Phantom* and *Les Miz*, says that *Miss Saigon* is an especially difficult piece to cast. It requires a large number of young Asian actors who can sing in English. "But we didn't want American Asians who are Asian in looks only," Mackintosh said. "We need Asians with a particular Asian sensibility." And the role of Kim, he added, requires an Asian teenager "with enormous charm and lungs of steel."

Earlier productions of *Miss Saigon* had trouble casting locally. The producers travelled to Manila to recruit talent for the Broadway version, casting Lea Salonga, who was already a major star in the Philippines, in the title role. But 80 per cent of the 46 parts in the Toronto production have been filled by Canadians, many of them from the Filipino community.

The producers of the Toronto show auditioned more than 2,000 performers in nine months across the country. Dionisio was touring with a Canada 125 production called *Experience Canada: The Spirit of a Nation* when the tryouts began. She had just completed her first year as a science student at the University of Manitoba, and had vague plans to become an occupational therapist. After winning a radio-sponsored singing contest in 1991 and appearing on a local children's TV show, *The Rockets*, Dionisio had become the darling of Winnipeg's 38,000-member Filipino community. But friends had to talk her into auditioning for *Miss Saigon*. "I'm the type of person that doesn't really believe in myself," she said.

Dionisio was the very first to try out for the role of Kim. It was clear she had the looks, the charm and, above all, the voice—a soprano as strong and true as bamboo, and ribbed with a gentle vibrato as it soars into the high notes. After five auditions, Mackintosh made the offer. "How would you like to be Miss Saigon?" he asked. "I'd *love* to be Miss Saigon," she replied. "You're Miss Saigon," he declared.

Now, she has to face the music. The nerve-wracking countdown of rehearsals and previews is almost over. Sitting on a couch in the small downtown apartment that has become her temporary home, Dionisio reflected on the past two months. "I feel a lot older," she said. "You learn a lot. Theatre people are so interesting. They're just different—some people would call it weird, the way they look at life, the way they talk, just *everything*."

Without makeup, Dionisio looks much younger than 19. She was trimly dressed in olive jeans and a matching Liz Claiborne vest—bought in Toronto but, as she proudly pointed out, made in the Philippines. She is bubbly and talkative. But to save her fraying voice, which has become a source of anxiety, Dionisio speaks softly. She cleared her throat at frequent intervals. "Every night I get nervous," she said, "especially when my voice is like this. I wonder if I can sing. I spent a whole day without talking. Your voice gets tired, but somehow it comes back at show time." At the first dress rehearsal with an audience, she recalled, "I cracked my voice four times. But I just smiled, and the people clapped. I thought if I got through that with 2,000 people, what else could possibly go wrong?"



Matt Barnard/MACLEAN'S PRODUCTIONS

Dionisio, Green: a reluctant prostitute falls in love with a U.S. marine

As Dionisio talked, her mother, Erlinda, ate lunch at the kitchen table with one ear cocked. Erlinda, 46, moved to Toronto with Ma-Anne in March for the start of rehearsals, quitting her job as a medical secretary and leaving her husband, Nestor, and their four other daughters (aged 15 to 25) to fend for themselves. She plans to stay on as long as she thinks Ma-Anne needs her. "I told her she didn't have to come," said Ma-Anne, "but she didn't want to leave her daughter alone in the big city."

Growing up in suburban Manila, Dionisio attended an all-girls Catholic school. Teacher Canna Salgado remembers her at 16: "She sang at mass, at school activities, even walking along the corridors. She had a personality that would win you over—she was always smiling." After being chosen as a finalist in a talent search at 14, she recorded a single and sang on a variety of TV shows. She was reluctant to emigrate. But for her parents, coming to Canada was a sacrifice designed to give the children better opportunities. Both gave up good jobs in Manila. Erlinda worked as an account analyst in a bank. And Nestor was the vice-president of an insurance company—in Winnipeg he is a quality control worker in a jeans factory. "He now has a boss as opposed to being the boss," said Erlinda. "It has been a big blow to his ego."

Dionisio considered various careers while attending Winnipeg's Technical Vocational School. First, she thought of becoming a doctor. "But if I had kids," she said, "I wouldn't want to be beeped to the hospital all the time." Dentistry offered a more stable schedule, and she studied dental assisting. "Working on teeth and doing molds was

really fun," she said. "But after a while I said 'Wait a minute, this is going to be it.' It's just like 'Hello, how are you?' and you look at mouths every day." She also received an offer to study air-traffic control. But that sounded too stressful. "Those dots on the screen change into people and they're, like, lives in your hands," she said with childlike sincerity. "If two planes hit each other and it's your fault, you could never go to sleep."

The Dionisios raised Ma-Anne and her sisters according to traditional Filipino values. They forbade dating before the age of 18. "If Nestor was given a choice," Erlinda said with a laugh, "he'd probably put all the girls in a room and not let them out." Coming from such a sheltered background, Dionisio had little experience to prepare her for the raunch and romance of playing a bar girl in *Miss Saigon*.

She found rehearsing the love scenes especially difficult. When she first had to kiss her co-star H. E. Greer, who plays Kim's lover, she said that she "tried to fake it, just on the cheek, and Mitchell [Lemsky] goes, 'No, *kiss* him!'" Recalled Lemsky, who was directing the scene: "She shrivelled away from it. I suspect she hadn't ever kissed anyone. There were lots of giggles, but I didn't indulge her. I thought she need to be pushed. I said, 'Listen, get over it. It's just fiction, and it doesn't have to be associated with your own sexuality. It helps if it is, but it doesn't have to be.'"

Dionisio, who eventually kissed on command, says that she is relieved that her co-star is married—"Now I know that there are no strings or anything, that we're just doing it on a professional basis." Greer, explaining that it took Dionisio a few weeks to get over her timidity, said: "It was a lot of uncharted territory for her. I felt very bad about it."

Although Dionisio has a boyfriend in Winnipeg, a Filipino student who gave her a small diamond ring when they started going out, she still seems to live in a child's world. Her favorite movies are Disney cartoons—especially *Aladdin*. Her favorite TV shows are juvenile sitcoms including *Growing Pains*, *Blossom* and *Who's the Boss?* And, when she tries to identify with her character's suffering, she has very limited experience to draw on—"simple situations, like if you're a kid and you want a lollipop and your mom says you can't have it. Or if your mom wants you to get a haircut and you don't *want* a haircut. But you *get* a haircut."

Dionisio's mother remains a constant point of reference. And she watches her daughter's emerging stardom with an anxious eye. "If given a choice, my husband and I wouldn't like any of our kids to be in show business," she said. "You know how show business is—it's such a stressful life. But we don't want to stifle their interest."

Erlinda said that some nights after rehearsals Ma-Anne "would get very sad and scared and burst into tears, saying her voice is hurting already and maybe she couldn't sing any more. I just let her cry. And I embrace her and say, 'Are you crazy? Do you think they would gamble with a $40-million production, choosing you as the lead if they think you can't do it?' In the contract there is a clause that after two weeks, they can fire anybody who is not good enough. I said, 'You've passed the first obstacle. So many people are rallying behind you, your fans in Winnipeg, your family and relatives, they're all praying for you.'"

After the opening, Erlinda intends to look for a job in Toronto and live with her daughter for another year or two if necessary. But back in Winnipeg, Nestor says, "As a wife and mother, she's badly needed here at home." And Ma-Anne, in a moment alone, describes her mother as "overprotective—I find it really weird, because there are other Filipino cast members who are even younger than me, and they're on their own." But, she adds, "in a Filipino family, you can't just say, 'I don't want you here.'"

Her director disagrees. "I think she should throw her mother out," said Lemsky with a mischievous smile. He picked up the *Maclean's* tape recorder and repeated it right into the microphone. "*She should throw her mother out!* She's a woman. She's not a girl. She's got a job—a good job. It's time to leave home."

Lemsky says that he often feels like a parent himself directing *Miss Saigon*'s young cast members. "First they're dependent on you for everything," he said. "Then they start to strike out on their own and reject you. Then it's like early adulthood, where they come back around." Dionisio, he added, had to be pushed. "She hasn't done any acting. She doesn't know how to actually rehearse. At first we were easy on her. Then after a while I started saying 'This is your responsibility, and *yes*, get your hair out of your face, and *yes*, today you're going to have arms'—she would rehearse with her sleeves pulled over her hands."



Dionisio, Greer: relieved he is married, she learns to kiss her leading man

In high-stakes theatre, there is no room for pampering a young star. "It's a nasty business," said Lemsky. "She'll have to decide if she likes it or not. There's lots of shouting and everyone's giving her the fish-eye. And if she thinks it's going to be easy after the opening—it gets harder." Then he added: "It's a dangerous profession she has chosen, in the sense that she throws herself up there and people judge her. They look at her body and listen to her voice and say, 'I like that' or 'No, I hate that.'"

Backstage, Dionisio sat in her rust-red *Miss Saigon* bathrobe getting ready for another rehearsal. There is an *Aladdin* poster on her dressing room wall, and family snapshots ring the makeup mirror. She pointed to a giant greeting card from her family, adorned with teddy bears. Inside, at the end of all the scribbled notes of affection of reassurance, is a silver shooting star. "Shooting stars are a special thing for me," she said. "Once, I lay on the rooftop of our church with my friends on Christmas Eve and we saw seven shooting stars that night. I love the stars. You know the brightest star in the sky, Venus? When I left the Philippines, I told my friends it was me, and every time they miss me, they could talk to me. When I left Winnipeg, I told my friends the same thing—*that's me*." And, with a smile lighting up her face, she looked like a kid on Christmas morning. Waiting to see a wish upon a star come true.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON *with* TERESA ALBOR *in Manila and* DONALD MACGILLIVRAY *in Winnipeg*



A Home For *Miss Saigon*

A megamusical invades a pleasure dome

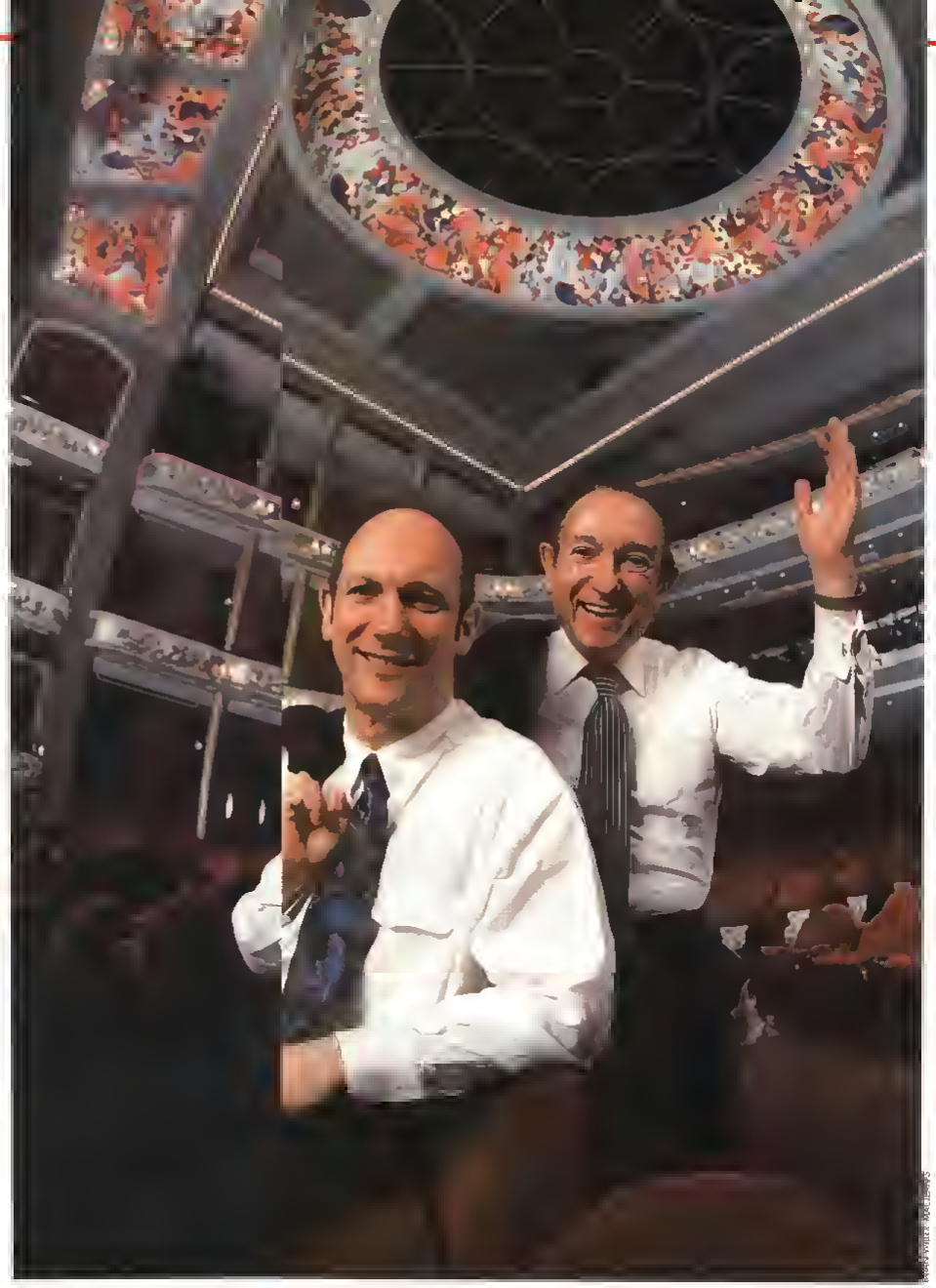
For David Mirvish, 1993 is the year of living dangerously. On May 26, in Toronto, the 48-year-old theatre producer is unveiling his $12-million version of *Miss Saigon*, the musical set against the final days of the Vietnam War. And although the show has become an established hit in several major cities since its 1989 London premiere, Mirvish has also risked $28 million by building a theatre especially for the production. Not only is The Princess of Wales the first privately built hall for live theatre to be erected in Canada in almost 90 years, but Mirvish went all out on the design of his new pleasure dome. In the midst of a punishing recessionary climate, he encouraged architect Peter Smith and interior design company Yabu Pushelberg to build a place of elegance and exquisite detail. He even hired one of his favorite artists, renowned American abstractionist Frank Stella, to decorate it. For the businessman and art collector, The Princess of Wales is a personal statement. "Suddenly I feel very lucky," said the mild-mannered producer. "You try to accumulate bits and pieces of experience and emotions and ideas. But you very seldom get a chance to weave them all together. I don't know if I'll ever get such a chance again."

Located on downtown King Street, The Princess of Wales fluidly combines the old and the new. It is a variation on the traditional turn-of-the-century theatre, with its tiered horseshoe balconies, plush crimson velvet seats and sense of intimacy and comfort. But it also contains exciting strokes of contemporary art and design. There is a feast for the eyes everywhere—in Stella's swirling, colorfully hallucinogenic dome above the 2,000-seat auditorium, in the artist's balcony decorations and murals and throughout the lobbies, with their sensuous tile and mahogany surfaces, hand-blown glass stair posts and ingenious wall lights draped with metal mesh. Even the washrooms are exquisite—sanctuaries of black marble, mosaic tile and soft lighting. "When you're pouring that much concrete into the ground," said Mirvish, "you know it's going to be there for quite a few years, so why not make it as beautiful as possible?"

So far, The Princess of Wales has drawn a chorus of raves. "It's wonderful," said Bruce Kuwabara of the Toronto firm Kuwabara Payne McKenna Blumberg Architects. "It's theatrical in every respect. The theatre design and the building are very handsome and urbane." Kuwabara reserves his highest compliments for the lush and innovative interior design of the front lobbies, which, he said, "mediate between the street and the theatre. They induce a dreamy quality, like floating in space." American singer Tony Bennett, visiting Toronto recently to perform with Count Basie's band, toured the Princess with Mirvish. "It's spectacular," Bennett said in an interview. "And to have Frank Stella commissioned to decorate the whole building and do these magnificent 3-D paintings!"

The man who created that Stella shrine, David Mirvish, became a friend of the painter while featuring his work in the art gallery that he ran from 1963 to 1978. "I really feel that Frank is our equivalent of Picasso or Miro," the youthfully earnest Mirvish said. "In his generation, he has the same range of inventiveness—he has changed the way we look at things." Mirvish remains an art lover who owns one of North America's strongest collections of modern paintings. But since the early 1980s he has focused more on theatre. He has produced shows in partnership with his father, Ed, who made his fortune with his garish 45-year-old discount department store, Honest Ed's. In 1985, David Mirvish took over as head of the family's theatrical enterprises—a mini-empire including the eminent Old Vic in London, Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre and, just down the street, the new Princess.

The younger Mirvish was involved in the most minute decisions during the construction of The Princess of Wales. He contends that the theatre's $28-million price tag is actually a bargain by contemporary standards. 2,800-seat Roy Thomson Hall, located nearby, cost $39 million 10 years ago. Mirvish attributes his low costs partly to the fact that he was his own boss. "I have no committees or boards to answer to," he said. "I made decisions in the field every day. If I hadn't done that, it would have impacted on price."



David (left) and Ed Mirvish in new theatre: a feast for the eyes everywhere

Still, $28 million is a considerable investment. But Mirvish expresses confidence that *Miss Saigon* will help to pay for it. The show, written by the French team of lyricist Alain Boublil and composer Claude-Michel Schonberg, the creators of the spectacularly successful *Les Miserables*, has played for 3½ years in London, two years in New York, one year in Tokyo and half a year in Chicago. "You can't build a new theatre without a strong show to drive it," Mirvish told *Maclean's*. "That's the history of theatre. Richard D'Oyly Carte built the Palace Theatre in London off the success of Gilbert and Sullivan. When he didn't have a strong show, he lost his theatre."

Mirvish anticipates a two-year run in Toronto, where ticket sales have so far been phenomenal. With prices ranging from $25 to $91, and assuming full houses, the Toronto production will reap $1.2 million in revenues each week. But even if the musical lasts for the projected two years, it will not pay for the theatre entirely. "Eventually we will need a second hit show," Mirvish said, adding, "if one exists—that's the real question." At the moment, there is none on the horizon, but Mirvish accepts the risk with the calm optimism of a person who comes from a monied background—and whose earlier risks have largely paid off.

Mirvish is that rare creature—a businessman with a deep knowledge and love of the arts. The only child of Ed and his artist wife, Anne, David decided to forgo university when he finished high school and, instead, opened his art gallery. He chose a site on Toronto's Markham Street, in the shadow of his father's department store. The David Mirvish Gallery represented some of the great modern American abstractionists, including Helen Frankenthaler and Stella. Although the gallery became highly successful, Mirvish lost interest and closed it in 1978, using the space to open a bookstore specializing in art.

Ed Mirvish's interest in theatre began in 1962, the year that he used $215,000 of his retail profits to buy the elegant but decaying Royal Alexandra, built in 1907. After five years, it was making a small profit, thanks to subscription sales that at their peak drew more than 50,000 subscribers to six or seven shows a year. Then, in 1982, Ed acquired Britain's Old Vic for just over $1 million—and spent more than $4 million restoring it. That venture has never made money, but between 1989 and 1991, when renowned director and author Jonathan Miller headed the theatre, it won a host of Olivier Awards. Now, Ed, 78, speaks of Miller with a kind of curious



admiration "There was no commercialism in that man," he said, with the baffled air of just having met someone with three heads

David, who has three children ranging in age from four to 16 with his wife, Audrey, took over the two theatres just when subscription sales at the Royal Alex were sinking Tracing the problem to the declining quality of their imported road shows, Mirvish decided to produce his own, including two which he took south of the border And he invited to Toronto such esteemed foreign companies as the Berliner Ensemble In 1991, Mirvish also staged Tomson Highway's *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing*—and upstaged critics who had chided him for not taking a chance on Canadian talent

Such projects added to Mirvish's rapidly growing expertise as a theatre producer But the show that made The Princess of Wales and *Miss Saigon* possible was *Les Miserables*, the blockbuster hit based on Victor Hugo's novel of love and politics in 19th-century France. *Les Miz* ran in the Royal Alex and toured the country between 1989 and 1993 "*Les Misérables* taught us so much," Mirvish recalled "It taught us the skills we needed to operate on a large scale And it showed us that you could run a show for a long time—that there was a huge audience beyond Toronto " *Les Miz* ultimately sold 4.5 million tickets and became the most successful musical in Canadian history. For the Toronto performances, a third of the audience came from the city, and another third from the rest of Canada The rest came from American border states whose vacationers, according to numerous market surveys prefer Toronto to New York and Chicago because of its clean, safe streets and diverse cultures

Mirvish says that once he had decided to mount *Miss Saigon* he really had no choice but to build a new space to accommodate it The Mirvishes' Royal Alexandra was too small to hold the show's battery of special effects—particularly the helicopter that descends during the last act At first, Mirvish planned to build only a temporary theatre for *Miss Saigon*: it would have cost around $10 million and he planned to tear it down after the musical had finished its run But then fate intervened in the person of the Mirvishes' archrival in Canadian commercial theatre, Garth Drabinsky

The tough, outspoken head of Toronto's Live Entertainment Corp (and former head of Cineplex-Odeon) and producer of the long-running hit *Phantom of the Opera* Drabinsky had coveted the rights to *Miss Saigon* Outmanoeuvred by Mirvish, he tried another tactic In 1991, Toronto City Hall had assured Mirvish that he would be able to sidestep certain rarely enforced bylaws requiring him to furnish a minimum amount of on-site parking for his theatre But Drabinsky insisted that Mirvish be forced to obey the rules to the letter. Mirvish was in a spot. To press ahead in a legal fight with city hall would delay his project by months.

Mirvish decided to back off the bylaws dispute and build a four-floor parking garage beneath his new theatre That added nine months and $4 million to his project And the "temporary" theatre was starting to look a lot more permanent Mirvish used the delay to reconceive his project—as a work of art in itself. "Suddenly a window had opened and I was talking to people like Frank Stella and interior designers Glenn Pushelberg and George Yabu," he said "We were drawing as we were building " As for Drabinsky, Mirvish said magnanimously "I think he did me a favor He helped me build a better theatre A more beautiful theatre." Mirvish sent Drabinsky an invitation to *Miss Saigon's* opening night. Drabinsky has accepted.

The Princess of Wales Theatre (the name bears the official approval of Princess Diana, whom the Mirvishes much admire for her work with AIDS patients) recalls the old Princess theatre that graced the area until its demolition in 1930 The new structure boasts state-of-the-art technical capabilities, which *Miss Saigon* required Cameron Mackintosh, the British co-producer of the show, remarked that "if *Les Misérables* is a Cadillac, then *Miss Saigon* is a Ferrari." Indeed, *Les Miserables* has only 12 automated effects, while *Miss Saigon* has 72—including the helicopter landing on the roof of the American embassy and a full-size 1959 Cadillac that appears to float on a cloud Seven computers control much of the show, with its 500 lights There are fully 52 technicians (versus a cast of 46), some of them working in cramped, blinking control centres that resemble the insides of a modern submarine.

Beyond the footlights, all is comfortable elegance in the auditorium, designed, like the rest of the theatre, by Toronto architect Peter Smith Mirvish and Smith decided on a traditional form of seating—two stacked horseshoe-shaped balconies that wrap around the side walls towards the stage. Smith points out that the blank side walls of so many modernist theatres simply copy the seating arrangements of cinemas where the viewing experience is much more passive and isolated than with live theatre "The horseshoe balconies give some segment of the audience a closer connection with the performers," he said, "and that way reactions get transmitted around the wings and back to the body of the balcony. It's a way for members of the audience to see and relate to each other."

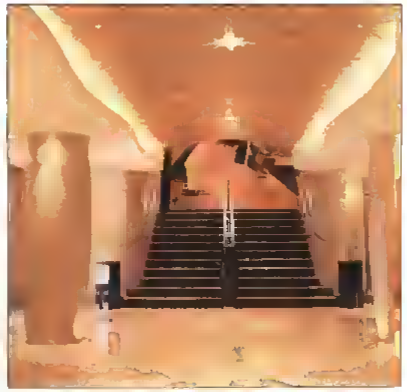
Floating high above the auditorium is the great decorative ring designed by Stella. He says that he got the idea for the dome, a tangle of phallic shapes and colored dots, while watching the rings that he blew while smoking a cigar Art students and graduates applied Stella's images to the dome, working from an enormous scaffold For the sweeping murals in the lobbies, the artist constructed energetic collages out of odds and ends in his studio—old milk crates, honeycomb aluminum, bits of Styrofoam—then photographed them, blew the images up and printed them on a machine used to make billboard art Stella said that the murals reflect "the way people mill around They are bustling and active, like a crowd "

Meanwhile, Stella's pale moulded plaster balcony decorations, which resemble enormous curls of white chocolate, seem to have enhanced the hall's acoustics Created by Canadian sound engineer John O'Keefe, the acoustics have won favor with as demanding a critic as *Miss Saigon's* composer, Schönberg. "The auditorium has a warm and generous sound," he said Added Boublil: "You never know why you have a sound like that The Opera Bastille in Paris doesn't have it It's a miracle!"

Schönberg also praises The Princess of Wales for its unique design and personality "In so many modern theatres, you don't know where you are in the world," the composer said; "It could be Sydney, New York London But this theatre doesn't look like any modern theatre anywhere " That quality came about because one man was able to follow his own vision and taste David Mirvish has devoted the past decade to putting the dreams of others onstage Now, with the sumptuous Princess of Wales, he has built the stage of his dreams

JOHN BEMROSE

Decar in Princess of Wales (right, below), Bangkok scene in* Miss Saigon *(above), sensuous tile, hand-blown glass, black sanctuaries and a chorus of raves

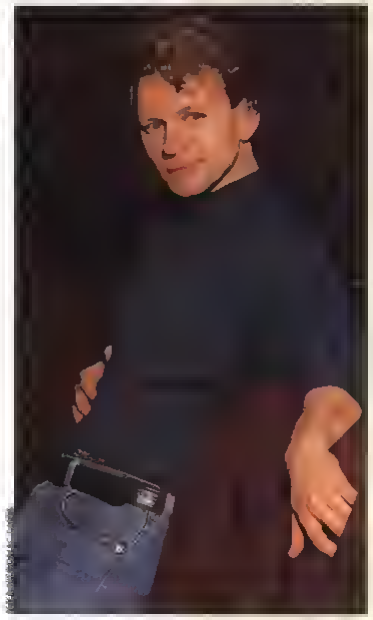






Canadians Shine On Broadway

While David and Ed Mirvish lifted the curtain on their new Princess of Wales Theatre in preparation for the Toronto opening of *Miss Saigon*, several Canadians south of the border have broken their legs on Broadway—at least, in the theatrical sense Last week, actors Brent Carver (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*), Martin Short (*The Goodbye Girl*) and Andrea Martin (in the short-lived *My Favorite Year*) earned Tony nominations for their performances in the 1993 musicals—performances that in each case marked a Broadway debut. Meanwhile, *Tommy*, the rock opera directed and co-written by Canadian Des McAnuff, currently based in La Jolla, Calif., earned 11 nominations It tied with Harold Prince's *Kiss of the Spider Woman* for most nominations



Brent Carver: there is a good chance that same winners will be sealed with a Kiss

Carver, who plays a homosexual window dresser confined with a political prisoner in a Latin American jail, is up against Short, who co-starred with singer Bernadette Peters in *The Goodbye Girl*, for best actor in a musical. And the critics seem to be falling all over each other in praising the awesome twosome Despite negative reviews for *The Goodbye Girl*, the show has proven to be a crowd-pleaser since its March 4 opening—and critics have singled out Short, 43, for special praise One commented on his "funny-putty face," while another likened him to "a jet-propelled Puck."

But it is Cranbrook, B.C., native Carver, 41, who seems to have garnered the most lavish praise—perhaps because he was largely unknown in the United States before the May 3 opening of *Kiss* Produced by Toronto's Garth Drabinsky, the show had already won Carver kudos in Toronto, where it premiered, and in London, where it continues to run with a different cast *Newsday* gushed about his "febrile, flamboyant, altogether rivetting appeal," while *USA Today* declared, "Brent Carver's Molina glows in the dark with his buoyant combination of camp, wit and soul."

Last week, *Kiss* was voted best musical by the influential New York Drama Critics' Circle And when the envelopes announcing the Tony winners are announced on June 6, there is a good chance that at least some of them will be sealed with a *Kiss*

DIANE TURBIDE



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Passion play

BY LORNE RUBENSTEIN



Canadians play more golf per capita than most other people. They play deep into autumn and on southern winter holidays. But the real season begins in spring, when, from coast to coast, the faithful tramp religiously towards fresh fairways and budding possibilities.

The squishiness of the green, still sodden ground beneath my spiked feet, the earthy scent of the now-fertile soil and the spray of water as my club head contacts the ball, the flight of the ball towards the green, or often, its helter skelter path, wind borne, clasped to the welcome breezes blowing spring warmth onto the course. These are some of my impressions of early games of golf each spring. Every year for 30 years I have taken to the game anew, wondering what the season will bring. Still, the passion remains for a game that Winston Churchill once derided as being like "chasing a quinine pill around a cow pasture."

Ah, but Churchill was misguided. What did he know of the energizing feeling that courses through a golfer's body when he contacts the ball on the sweet spot of the club face? How could he even dare to speak so maliciously of a game in which even the most horrible hacker can sink a long putt across the hollows and humps of a tricky green, knowing for a moment that he or she is feeling just like Jack Nicklaus or Nancy Lopez? More golfers than ever are celebrating an illogical love of a game in which even the great Ben Hogan, master of the swing, said that he hits only a few shots each round that come off as he imagines.

Can so little success anywhere, on any field of play or in any walk of life, offer such rewards as a golf ball perfectly struck? Golfers know. And never mind the golfer's standard rueful lament. Asked after a round how he played, a golfer can quite rightly answer: "I didn't play my usual game today. Come to think of it, I never play my usual game."

But who needs "usual" games anyway? Golf, and especially late spring golf, when hope still is writ large in the golfer's mind, is about reaching for the unusual, the outer limits of what the golfer can do. We golfers are exhorted to "extend" the club head, to "swing to the target." Spring golf stretches our vision, pulls us out of our winter selves, huddled for warmth, at last. But winter also propels us forward for golf. The very hibernation it imposes makes the anticipation of a spring round keen indeed. Awakening, sensate again, we believe in ourselves. Against common sense, encouraged by thoughts sharpened over many a winter's night, the golfer believes that he can still play to his potential. That is the promise of the game, the lure that brings the golfer out spring after spring. An odd round down south during the winter does not count. That's a holiday round. Now comes the real thing, in spring.

But what is the real thing? With no apologies to Churchill, or to George Bernard Shaw, who sneered that golf is "a typical capitalist lunacy of upper-class Edwardian England," the fact is that golf is not some backwater foolishness where only the lightweight, the fat cat and the dopey participate. Many golfers are fit, and more than a few read books, attend plays, keep up with the news and even make worthwhile contributions to society beyond advising fellow golfers where to place their elbows on the backswing. There is high art and bizarre science enough in striking the ball to satisfy most anybody, and even to capture the imagination of people who, mistakenly thinking they are politically correct, call golf "an old man's game."

No, no a thousand scorecards no. Think of something Brendan Gill wrote about his father in his memoir *Here At The New Yorker*. Gill's father was "a brilliant surgeon and physician." He hunted, fished, hiked, chopped wood, planted trees, and painted houses, barns, sheds and every other surface a brush could reach. But his favorite outdoor activity was golf. The game amounted to a passion with him."

Passion. Now there's a word often heard in connection with golf. Go figure. "Passion," used to describe a game in which nobody even hits one another, or runs after a ball. The word means "strong emotion, outburst of anger, strong enthusiasm." Roget comes up with such synonyms as "desire, distress, eloquence, fervor, mania, torment, zeal." Golf does inspire these feelings. It might seem crazy, but there's a fellow who shall go unnamed here who has said that his self-esteem rises and falls with his golf. He's an orthopedic surgeon whose family life and career are going beautifully. But he can't figure his golf game out. He can't play his "usual" game.

This fellow, and millions like him around the world, know what a gentleman named Douglas Bertram Wesson meant when he titled his book *I'll Never Be Cured and I Don't Much Care: The History of an Acute Attack of Golf and Pertinent Remarks Relating to Various Places of Treatment*. Exactly. Who cares? Life is fraught with problems, so why should a golfer not be allowed the simple pleasure of an early evening on the course, alone or in company. How good it feels when a warm drizzling rain tickles one's head. The white flag on the green ahead may be barely discernible as it slaps the air in the dusk, but a shot hit just so will reach the green, and perhaps cuddle up to the flagstick. Is this a dream, only a dream? These spring rounds can make the dream real.

But perhaps it does not matter if the shot is good. Maybe the walk is what matters, the opportunity for silence, for reflection. A round of golf can be a communion with oneself and with nature. Truly, though, the game is rarely played this way nowadays. Most public courses are jammed, and buzz with carts. People accuse one another of playing too slowly. Golfers diligently add up their scores as if they are checking stock quotations; they are too concerned with their scores. The game becomes a sombre affair.

To care too much about score is to lose the rhythm of the game. Judging our shots, we can miss the essential pliability of golf, the way it bends us every which way. Golf is really not about judgment, but about acceptance. The essence of the game is that a player drives the ball in the middle of the fairway and lands in a deep, ugly scar of a divot left by a golfer ahead. Accept it. This is the game: golf is played outdoors on grass. It is not possible to control the environment. Let the pliability of the game encourage a suppleness within yourself.

This is what the late George Knudson, Canada's deeply introspective and mightily gifted golfer, alluded to when he suggested that the golfer "give up control to gain control." That is, the player ought to stop thinking about what to do with the golf club at every segment of its route away from and back to the ball. Said Knudson: "Let yourself swing."

Perhaps that sounds too much like Zen golf. But we will risk any accusation of limp thinking because we know that we find almost an altered state when we bounce on the rolling turf, and when we are aware of the high grass swaying in the rough and when we wrap our fingers around a velvety grip and when we swing the club to and fro and when we fall into the grace of the game, an outing that sends us inward.

If we play sensibly, we can discover the sensuality that lurks everywhere on the course. Thinking about slow play, Knudson once said: "I don't know what all the concern is about. Slow play just means that you're going to spend a longer time in a nice place." Take a book along on the course then. Read a poem. Chat with your companions. Swing, swing, swing. Walk in the woods.

Knudson's comment can be a code for the game. Spring has been here for weeks, but the season still feels fresh, and we are renewed. As for me, I have scratched the itch long enough. I want grass clippings stuck to the soles of my shoes, mud on my golf ball, dirt on my club face, the club in my hand while I turn it round and round until it feels right. Care to join me?



PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

Golfers drive long distances or spend big money to savor tee time

The lineup forms as the first light gathers over the Fraser River. Golfers sip coffees from Styrofoam cups, talk about the Stanley Cup playoffs and wait outside the pro shop at the Fraserview Golf Course in the southeast corner of Vancouver. "If you want to play, say Tuesday, you'd have to be here by 6:30 on Monday morning," explains Fraserview's pro Earl Francis. "You come in and get a number, wait until 7 a.m., and then we start booking times—alternating between a person here in line with a number, and a person on the phone." Golfers not willing to line up at dawn sit home punching the re-dial button, hoping to get through on the line to one of the busiest public courses in Canada. Vancouver-born musician Billy Barclay, 39, who has been playing golf for 26 years—first from his bike, then from the bus, and now out of his car's trunk—has given up on playing Vancouver's public courses. "I've already written them off," Barclay explained. Instead, he prefers to drive east out of town to courses in the Fraser River Valley. "I'd rather play somewhere that I can enjoy the course, and it's not crowded."

But the crowds are gathering at public, municipal—and private—courses across this golf-mad country. In British Columbia alone there are 182 courses (out of 1,859 nationwide), and in the province's heavily populated southwest another 12 are under construction or set to open this summer, while eight more have been approved for development. For now, there are just 15 totally private courses in the province, 44 semiprivate—and 123 public courses. And just as in the rest of Canada, on the West Coast more than 80 per cent of all golfers play on public courses. The problem in British Columbia is that the majority of the public players live in and around Vancouver, where this summer one of three municipal courses, Langara, is under reconstruction. Over the next six years, Langara, Fraserview and McCleery will be rebuilt in a $25 million rotation that will see each course close for 16-month stretches as greens are replaced and new clubhouses built.

For John Kalil, 41, a Vancouver marketing executive, the solution came in 1987, when he joined the exclusive Marine Drive Golf Club. For Barclay, who plays piano evenings at a hotel lounge, the solution is to throw the bag in the trunk and head up the Valley.

With light morning traffic moving east out of the city—the inbound cars and trucks on the Trans-Canada Highway gridlocked to the horizon—the 72 km from Barclay's Vancouver home to the town of Mission on the Fraser roll smoothly through the communities of Port Coquitlam, Pitt Meadows, Maple Ridge and Haney. Barclay is enjoying every minute of the 80-minute trip to deceptively named 18 Pastures Golf Course, originally—and more aptly—called Iron Mountain for the unforgiving fortress into which it is carved. "You can go out to Fraserview and have an outstanding day," says the musician. "But getting tee times takes such effort, it's lost its spontaneity. It becomes a production to play golf. By heading up the Fraser Valley, you get some of that freedom back, pretending you're 20-years-old again."



Barclay at Pastures: $14 rounds

Barclay fondly remembers playing his home town's public courses in the late 1970s, when Vancouver was an out-of-the-trunk players' paradise. "We used to show up at the University of British Columbia course, plop down our five bucks, and if it was busy we might have to wait 20 minutes," he says. The university club now charges $39 and takes hard to come by bookings a week in advance. Twenty years ago, the courses were so untrammelled, says Barclay, "that we'd play our favorite holes over and over again. What I've lost is that public golf used to be like a rich man's vacation for me and my friends."

At the Pastures course, which charges $14 a round on weekdays, Barclay looks out towards the eighth fairway's tortuous ascent of Iron Mountain—the snow-capped Coast range peaks beyond—and reclaims part of what he's lost. "When you're standing out here on the tee, and there's not that production line of golfers in front and standing behind you, it's like, 'We're millionaires!' At moments like these, a guy with 10 million bucks, if he's playing golf on his course, wouldn't be getting any more satisfaction than we're getting. As far as I can hit it, it's all mine. That's one of the feelings I love about golf."

It is a feeling that John Kalil savors too. And he does so after just a 15-minute drive from his Vancouver home or office to the private Marine Drive club—membership has its privileges.

Since 1922, golfers have abandoned the cacophony of Vancouver for this refuge on the banks of the Fraser, with its rich green, tree-lined fairways. At Marine Drive, the flags of Canada, British Columbia, and the club snap

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in the wind above the manicured flower bed beside the first tee. The names of the club's past and present greats—among them, Stan Leonard, Doug Roxburgh and Richard Zokol—are spoken with reverence. An attendant cleans the clubs of the four members whose names have just been called on the loudspeaker—with the deferential prefix Mr. or Mrs.—informing them that they have eight minutes before their play begins. Kahl, a native of Cornwall, Ont., is up next. He had no trouble getting a tee time.

The night before, 95 per cent of the club's members—who number 825 in all—voted to build a new clubhouse. The $5 million cost will be defrayed with a monthly surcharge on top of the $140 monthly members' dues, along with fees from new members. The initiation is now $35,000 and the waiting list about 5½ years long. Looking out to the dogleg on the first fairway, Kahl thinks back to just six years earlier when he arrived in Vancouver from Toronto. "Being an avid golfer," he says, "I wanted to be able to just call up and play. And Marine proved to be the best from all aspects. There is a real spirit here. It's not a social club, from a social climbers standpoint. I hate to say that because it sounds snobbish, but everyone here is a golfer and they are members to play golf."

As president of his own marketing firm, a new father (he and his wife, Jennie, have two children, 21 months and nine months old), Kahl admits: "I lucked in at becoming a member here in 1987 at $10,000. Now it's $35,000 and I just can't see how people can become members of private courses around town—unless it's a corporate membership. We couldn't afford this place now, especially with two kids."



WAYNE STANLEY

Marine Drive course exclusive

While Kahl appreciates his luck at being a member of a club—"the last bastion of the gentry," says Barclay, not unkindly—and Barclay plays his rounds in the Valley, the private and public players share a love of the game. They each revel in those moments of tranquillity and natural splendor as they stand alone on the tee. And they have come to accept Barclay's succinct analysis of a humbling game. "You eventually come to the realization that golf is the recreation that you were always told it was, and not another sport that you were going to master." Which is one reason why golfers continue to line up at dawn, pay enormous initiation fees, or head up the Valley.

HAL QUINN *in Vancouver*

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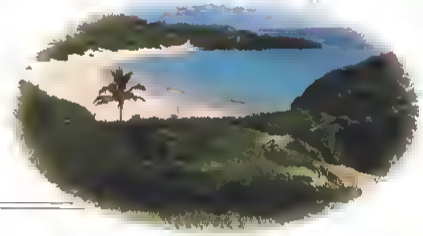
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SPORTS

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

Canada's Dawn Coe-Jones has made it big

The Dawn Coe-Jones that most sports fans know is a long-striding, confident golfer who is the only Canadian woman to have surpassed $1 million in career earnings. Last season was her best-ever on the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour—she won her first tournament and a career-high $251,392 then added another $100,000 in December for winning the women's Matchplay Championship in Hawaii. For those accomplishments, Coe-Jones was named female professional of the year by the Canadian golf magazine *Score*. But the gracious, composed woman in a green evening dress who accepted the award at the gala earlier this month is a far cry from the timid youngster who began playing golf at age 9 in Lake Cowichan, B.C. "I was painfully shy," Coe-Jones, now 32, recalls. "To some extent, I still am. I just hide it better."

Coe-Jones's story is not only that of a small-town girl making it big but a textbook example of how Canadian juniors graduate to the professional ranks. The essential ingredients, she says, were the support of her parents, particularly her father, a logger, who was a good player himself—and the opportunity to play. "I didn't grow up in a country-club atmosphere where there were a lot of restrictions on juniors," she says. But Norm Boden, who coached the early Dawn as a junior at March Meadows Golf Club in Honeymoon Bay, B.C., says that she is responsible for her own success. "She was very athletic," Boden remembers. "And her attitude is probably her greatest asset."



Though she was more interested in basketball—five-foot, eight-inch Dawn Coe played guard on the Lake Cowichan Secondary Lakers, winners of the provincial championship in 1977—she liked the rewards of golf. "I was 10 when I won my first golf ball in a nine-hole junior event," she says, even recalling the brand. "It was a Fly-Rite Campbell 3. I think it intrigued me that, if I played well, someone would give me a prize. I *like* prizes." According to Boden, she quickly outgrew the area's junior competition and, as an incentive to keep improving, her father offered to buy her a full set of clubs when she first broke 80. It didn't take long. "I was 12 and not only did I break 80, but I beat my Dad," she says with a laugh. "It happened at a club tournament. I shot 77, and the next weekend I got to pick out a set of clubs and a bag. I was so excited." By age 14, nervous and still shy, Coe began playing in regional tournaments conducted by the British Columbia division of the Canadian Ladies Golf Association. "Going



SPORTS

SOFT SELL

Trading the office for the links

Huddled against a brisk north wind that splattered drizzle off their rainsuits, about 140 die-hard golfers gathered around a practice tee, straining to hear instruction from a lone professional. The occasion was a charitable corporate golf tournament that offered a rare opportunity for nonmembers to play an exclusive private club, King Valley, just north of Toronto. The participants' enthusiasm was later rewarded when the sun broke through to warm up their afternoon rounds. And good weather proved to be a bonus for the sponsor, Japanese automaker Acura, who organized the event to raise money for muscular dystrophy while capturing the attention of a well-heeled group of potential car buyers. "For Acura, the golfing market is a desirable demographic target," said Glenn Paterson, an advertising executive who helped organize the outing. "The event was a success for both the charity and the company."



Even in an economy strewn with sand traps and water hazards, golf outings have become staples of Canadian corporate entertainment, enabling companies to woo clients between shots and over postgame cocktails. That kind of customer incentive may be effective, but it is not cheap. With breakfast, some instruction from a celebrity pro (Acura brought in Vancouver's Richard Zokol), a round on a premium course, a mid-round snack, postgame drinks and, finally, dinner, a golf day can cost companies up to $1,000 a head for a group of 40, according to Keith Murray, manager of corporate golf for the Canadian office of the International Management Group. "This is a customer relationship, sales-incentive kind of thing," says Murray, whose Toronto office organizes more than a dozen such events each season. "It allows firms to capture their customers' attention for four or five hours."

Until recently, corporate events were largely restricted to such high-end public courses as University Golf Club in Vancouver and Glen Abbey in Oakville, Ont. But in tough times, many private clubs with unfilled memberships have bolstered revenues by making selected dates available to companies for entertaining. Irwin Blehm, general manager of Greystone Golf Club near Milton, Ont., says that the recession does not appear to have slowed corporate tournaments. "It seems that companies are loath to give up that aspect of their budget," says Blehm.

For the company paying the bills, golf offers a comfortable way for salespeople to get to know their clients. Some firms have even begun to fund golf lessons for key employees—men and women—to prepare for fairway fraternizing. "More business is written on the golf course in the summer than in the office," says Alan Ogilvie, general manager at Lionhead, sitting in a bar overlooking the 36-hole, made-for-corporate-golf course in Brampton, Ont. "For many executives, this is the boardroom."

JAMES DEACON *in Toronto*

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away was hard," she says. "My Mom would always travel with me to make it easier."

The search for competition forced her to look beyond the comfortable confines of Vancouver Island. At 16, she played in her first provincial junior championship—at Beach Grove, south of Vancouver—and won. That qualified her for the B.C. junior team, which travelled to Fredericton, N.B., for the 1976 Canadian junior nationals. She does not remember how she played, but does recall the experience. "I carried the flag at the opening ceremonies and put my foot in the Bay of Fundy," she says. "It was wild that, just because I played golf, I got this free trip across the country, got to play golf and meet all these people."

The next summer, Coe successfully defended her B.C. junior title and finished fourth at the junior nationals in Corner Brook, Nfld. But after high school, she nearly turned her back on a golf career before deciding to apply for a college golf scholarship in the United States. "I never considered myself good enough," she says. "But then I'd hear about girls getting scholarships, and I'd beaten some of them." She chose Lamar, a college in Beaumont, Texas, with a respected golf program, because it was small and she knew a couple of the young Canadian women who were already there. College golf, she says, taught her when to play safe and when to go for broke, and by her final year, 1983, she was named a first-team All-American. Still, she did not commit to a professional career until she won the 1983 Canadian Amateur. "Definitely, winning the Amateur was the real confidence-builder that convinced me to try the pro tour." Coe qualified for the LPGA Tour in her first try that fall.

The rest is professional history. She has improved her winnings each year except for two—1988, after her mother's death, and 1991, after her father's. If she maintains her current pace, Coe-Jones—she married Tampa, Fla., businessman Jimmy Jones last fall—will have her best season ever in 1993. "She is capable of getting even better," says Jocelyne Bourassa, a former LPGA player and now executive director of the du Maurier Ltd. Classic, the only Canadian event on the Tour. "I think that marriage and having won before have given her the confidence to win again."

But marriage has also brought talk of children. Coe-Jones says that kids and the travelling life do not mix, and that she will wind down her golf career to stay home in Lutz, Fla., if she and Jones start a family. She might even change careers. In the first few off seasons of her pro career, she returned to Lake Cowichan to work as a substitute teacher in a local elementary school. "It was enough to give me a taste of what teaching is like," she says. "I sometimes think that I would like to go back to it some day." For now, however, the grass is plainly greener in golf.

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RICHARD REEL

Avendaño with TB patient: 'we need a much higher element of public awareness'

MEDICINE

Global emergency

Tuberculosis is once again causing alarm

At first, Janice Preston thought there was nothing more to her cough and fever than a bad cold. But after several visits to her family doctor and a course of antibiotics, Preston's bug persisted. "I was losing weight, I kept coughing and I just didn't feel well," the Saskatoon resident recalls about the period from January to April in 1988. Finally, her doctor tested her for a disease that most people, including many physicians, had imagined belonged to the past—tuberculosis. Preston, like almost 2,000 Canadians that year, tested positive for tubercle bacillus, the bacterium that causes the disease commonly known as TB. Far from being under control, tuberculosis kills three million people worldwide every year. Fortunately, it usually responds to drugs, and after 2½ years of treatment, including surgery to remove part of her diseased left lung, Preston now is well. But recovery was arduous. "I had X rays every month and the hole in my lung was not getting any smaller," says the 52-year-old former clothing store manager. "I just wanted it to go away—I was so scared about what it could do."

An ancient plague that was in decline in most developed countries until the mid-1980s, TB has returned with a vengeance. In Europe, the incidence has jumped by 33 per cent during the past five years. Health authorities have reported a 12-per-cent increase in the United States between 1986 and 1991. Between one-third and one-half of the world's population carry the bacillus and 95 per cent of people who eventually develop TB and die from it live in the Third World. Last month, the World Health Organization declared that tuberculosis had become a global emergency, and warned that without better control at least 30 million people would die of it over the next 10 years.

In Canada, the rate of increase has been far less spectacular. Still, worried public health officials say that after an overall eight-year decline that began in 1980—when there were 2,751 new cases—the downward trend has ended. After bottoming out at 1,947 in 1988, the number of new cases had risen to 2,012 in 1991. The prospects are more ominous. Health officials estimate that the 35,000 Canadians now infected with HIV, the virus that causes AIDS, could be at significantly greater risk of developing TB. "This is not a time to be complacent," says Dr. Donna Holton, of Health and Welfare Canada's Laboratory Centre for Disease Control. "We are not doing well enough on TB control."

Caused by a tough germ that usually requires a minimum of six months of treatment with more than one drug, TB is a relatively difficult disease to catch. Ordinarily, a person can become infected only after prolonged close contact—on average about six months—with someone who already has the disease. Bacteria are spread when a victim coughs or sneezes. Even then, only about 10 per cent of those who carry the bacillus will go on to develop infectious tuberculosis, generally when their immune systems have been weakened by other illnesses, stress or age. Almost 50 per cent of new cases each year occur among people born in parts of the world where TB remains rampant, such as Asia, Africa and Central and South America.

Early this year, immigration laws were amended to ensure that refugee claimants underwent a medical examination, including a chest X-ray, within 60 days of arrival. (Other immigrants to Canada must have had a medical before leaving home.) But some public health experts argue that a lot can happen in 60 days, and refugees should be tested when they enter Canada for undetected TB.

In fact, two cases of infectious TB, both immigrant students, were found in January at Glen Forest Secondary School in Mississauga, Ont., a community of 460,000 west of Toronto. Public health officials then tested more than half of the school's 1,200 students, and 23 students and two teachers tested positive. Dr. Peter Cole, who ordered the testing, said that tighter immigration procedures would go a long way towards controlling the disease in schools. Noted Cole: "Immigration does not even screen kids under 11. But younger kids are more vulnerable than older students."

Other groups are also proving to be at higher risk than the general population. Twenty per cent of new TB cases are found among native people, although they represent only three per cent of the general population. Overcrowding, poverty and too few doctors have condemned Canada's natives to one of the highest rates of TB in the country. Most other cases occur among elderly Canadians who may have carried the bacillus for many years and succumbed to the disease as they aged.

There are no publicly available figures on drug-resistant TB cases in Canada, but most medical experts believe that the number is rising. Dr. Monica Avendaño, associate director of respiratory medicine at West Park Hospital in Toronto, the only in-patient TB facility in Ontario, says that drug-resistant cases now constitute between 15 and 20 per cent of the patients she sees, up from less than five per cent 10 years ago. Said Avendaño, whose facility's 29 beds are nearly always full: "I don't want to alarm people, because we have the tools to control TB, but we need a much higher element of public awareness. TB was barely mentioned in medical schools for a while and now it is back." Of all the new weapons available to fight this old killer, vigilance may prove to be the most crucial.

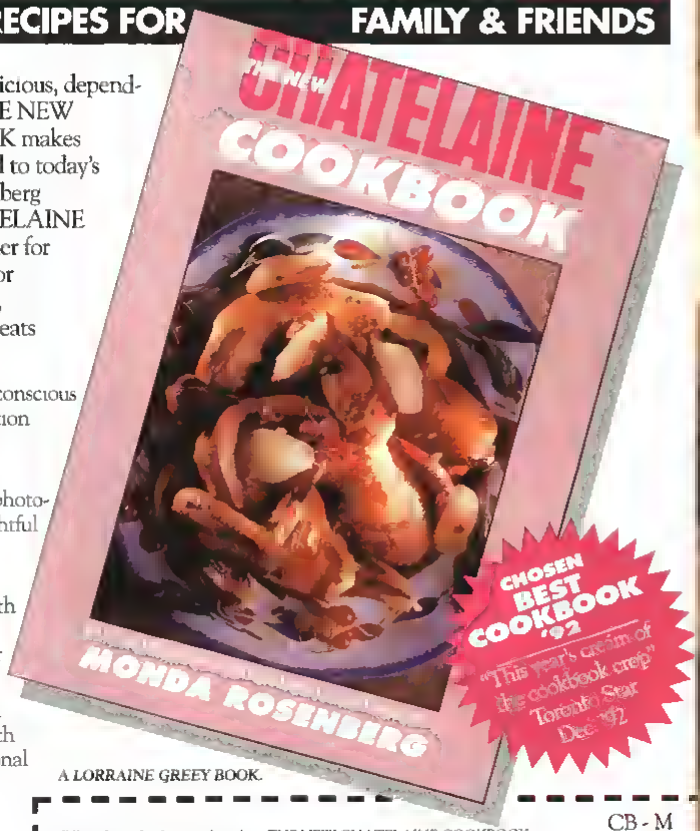
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The NDP and the cost of old alliances

BY GEORGE BAIN

Trying to deal with deficits puts governments on a collision course with civil service unions

Notwithstanding the closely reasoned commentaries in all the media on the rift, split, calamitous divide between the New Democrats in Ottawa and the New Democrats in Ontario, the fundamental difference between the two is simplicity itself: the provincial party is in power and the federal party is not. Bob Rae in Ontario, having started out in office committed to a fiscal policy of New Democratic orthodoxy, glimpsed the precipice ahead and was forced to do a U-turn: there was no reason to suspect he did it capriciously. The New Democrats in Ottawa, in no imminent danger of similarly having to confront reality, plowed on.

Top of the show on CBC Radio's Sunday Morning, May 9, Mary Lou Finlay prefaced the item by observing that economic policy seemed to cast a long shadow over the (federal) party's prospects in the coming general election. To that it was possible only to say, "Uh-huh," although at no time between 1988 and the present, under Audrey McLaughlin, has the party risen to the mid-term peak achieved by Ed Broadbent in 1984-1988. But still, OK, a shadow.

Ms. Finlay went on: "It all began when Steven Langdon, the NDP member of Parliament for Essex/Windsor, publicly criticized the NDP government in Ontario for its plans to bring down the deficit by clamping down on public sector jobs. This brought the wrath of NDP Leader Audrey McLaughlin down on Langdon's head and he lost his job as finance critic for the party. But the damage was done. Langdon had exposed the rift in the ranks. On Wednesday, Ontario ministers met with the federal caucus to try to paper over their differences or at least muffle them. But as Joan Melanson found in Windsor, Ont., socialist angst is deeper than skin deep."

Well, yes. Except that it didn't all start with Steven Langdon nor did he expose it. It didn't need to be exposed: he merely brought into fine focus what was already apparent. The federal and provincial parties were marching in opposite directions in policy on reducing debt because the party in office had a debt of alarming proportions that it couldn't avoid, and the one not in office didn't, nor was it likely to have the good/bad fortune to inherit one. On top of that, it wasn't socialist angst that was being experienced but union angst.

From the beginning in 1933, first as the CCF (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) and for some time as the NDP, the party had been an amalgam of persons identified only by their commitment to socialism as a political philosophy, plus western farmers, plus Ontario unionists, in which the first group dominated ideologically. Two big events changed that—eventually to the point where the NDP now has become mainly union-driven. Those events were, ooe, the transformation in 1961 in which the NDP was created as a joint enterprise of the CCF and the Canadian Labor Congress, and, two, the granting, over a period, of the right to strike to some provincial civil servants and, in 1967, to the federal public service.

In *Canada 1957-67*, historian J. L. Granatstein said that while the latter went on piecemeal, "close to 100 per cent of the country's public employees were unionized, making the Canadian Union of Public Employees the largest union in the nation by 1965. Eventually, those civil service unions would negotiate salaries in government jobs to a point where they exceeded those in the private sector, but that was not yet the case in the years from 1957 to 1967."

In fact, the big raises occurred in the years when the tremendous national and provincial debts were accumulating, which the first ministers and finance ministers of the country, Bob Rae and Floyd Laughren among them, are now struggling to bring down. In Ottawa in the 1970s and early 1980s, the occasional efforts by the Trudeau governments to reduce spending were resisted by the unions. The unions have been no more co-operative in the economizing efforts of Michael Wilson and Donald Mazankowski, finance ministers under Brian Mulroney. The government, as the unions would have it, was not going to cure the country's economic problems on the backs of its public servants, no matter how well-protected the backs.

It may be that at some juncture in all the Trudeau and Mulroney years, the federal public service unions co-operated with the federal government in something that might impinge on them, but it does not come readily to mind. But, if consecutive governments in Ottawa have had to endure the settled hostility of the public service unions, Premier Bob Rae perhaps faces worse from them—a proprietorial attitude towards his government. The same by the big unions in Britain—and public awareness of it—did the Labour Party more harm politically than Margaret Thatcher ever did.

In effect, what that proprietorial attitude expresses is: "We put up very much of the money for this party, therefore it is ours. Consequently, we expect you to touch no interest that affects us." After the 1988 election, Ed Broadbent got a taste of that from Bob White, then-president of the Canadian Auto Workers, now president of the CLC. In a letter that quickly became public, White severely criticized Broadbent for showing insufficient vigor in attacking free trade, which the unions feared, and reminded him of what the party owed them. That sort of thing has nothing to do with socialism or socialist angst, but borrows a lot from the politics of the single-issue pressure groups that recognize no interest larger than their own.

Audrey McLaughlin won the NDP leadership prominently supported by Bob White of the big automakers, and Leo Gerrard of the big steelworkers. Shirley Carr, then-president of the CLC, supported Dave Barrett, some thought quixotically, but nevertheless turned out to help in organizing McLaughlin's office once she became leader. CUPE, the biggest union in the land, is undisguisedly pro-NDP and anti all else. The situation, then, is simple—in Ontario Bob Rae is vigorously resisted by his friends in trying to face the reality of an insupportable debt, and in Ottawa, Audrey McLaughlin is pinned down by her friends in case she should be tempted to abandon fiscal unreality.

Poor Audrey. Poor Bob. Poor country.



Brokop (left), Coates—a homespun but contrived confection of comedy and romance

FILMS

Country comfort

A violinist finds a down-home groove

HARMONY CATS
Directed by Sandy Wilson

She made her name with *My American Cousin* (1985), a sweet coming-of-age story about her own experience growing up in British Columbia's Okanagan Valley. Vancouver film-maker Sandy Wilson returned to the B.C. interior to direct her latest film, another homespun confection of comedy and romance. *Harmony Cats* is an all-Canadian movie with a premise that is as formulaic as a Nashville two-step: a snobbish symphony musician goes on the road with a country band and learns to put heart into his art. The movie evokes the life of a small-time band on the road with some success. And the music, performed by singers who can act (as opposed to actors trying to sing), strikes an authentic chord. But the story is a yawn. Like much of country music itself, *Harmony Cats* is predictable, sentimental and contrived—qualities that seem more grating in a script than in a song.

Toronto actor Kim Coates plays Graham, a violinist who suddenly finds himself unemployed when Vancouver's symphony orchestra goes bankrupt. "This is such a low-brow town," he fumes. "You cannot be a world-class city and not have a symphony." With great reluctance, he accepts an offer to play bass for a touring country band. Leaving behind an unsettled relationship with his girlfriend, he hits the road with the Harmony Cats. A world-class nerd, Graham has a tough time fitting in. He stands stiffly in tuxedo onstage, afraid to improvise, and treats life on the road like forced labor. He also develops a deep loathing for band mate Byron (Alan Sampson), a heavy metal rocker who has made his own compromise with country music by playing steel guitar.

But, embodying one of the oldest clichés in pop music, Graham takes an interest in a young backup singer named Debbie (Lisa Brokop), the bandleader's daughter. Coaching her to perform solo, he nudges her into the spotlight—and into bed. That brings him into conflict with her father, Frank, a crusty veteran played by Vancouver musician Jim Byrnes.

A singer-guitarist on the Vancouver music scene for 20 years, Byrnes gives a resonant performance, adding texture and depth to a script that tends to slip into caricature. Brokop, meanwhile, a 19-year-old from the Vancouver suburb of Surrey, is well-cast as a talented crooner heading for the big time—Brokop recently signed a record deal with Nashville's Liberty Records, the same label as Garth Brooks. Coates, however, remains unlikable and unconvincing in the lead role. And despite some good licks, *Harmony Cats* fails to finds a steady groove.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

All in the family

A road movie bogs down in cheesy sentimentality

CHANGE OF HEART
Directed by Donald Shebib

Like most family dramas, it tries to warm the heart and tickle the imagination. Instead, *Change of Heart* is so heavily laden with cheesy sentimentality that it could probably cause coronary failure. For adults, the film directed by Donald Shebib (*Goin' Down the Road*) fails on almost every front. For kids, *Change of Heart* seems more like an after-school time-filler on TV than a feature movie.

The story centres on Maggie (Sarah Campbell), a precocious eight-year-old who lives with her ailing Aunt Bea (Barbara Hamilton) in a small Ontario town. Maggie's single mother has recently died, Aunt Bea is getting sicker and Maggie seems destined for a foster home. But then the girl wins $10,000 in a lottery, and she enlists the aid of her uncle, the ne'er-do-well Felix (Jeremy Ratchford), to find her father, whom she has never met. The deal: if Felix can find her dad, then Maggie will pay him $8,000—the amount he owes in gambling debts. The twist: Felix does not like children, and Maggie does not trust Felix. At this point, *Change of Heart* becomes a contorted road movie as the two drive to Toronto to track down Maggie's father. In the process, guess what: Maggie learns to love Felix, and Felix learns that, hey, kids are people, too.

Beyond such vacuous emotionalism, what is truly disappointing in *Change of Heart* is its lackadaisical direction—and the confused performances that result. As Felix, Ratchford speaks in a coarse patois that is presumably intended to make him seem street-smart. He comes across as merely moronic. Veteran stage actor Heath Lamberts, who should know better, puts in a truly overblown performance as a homosexual millionaire pizza chain owner—a Liberace of the deep dish. As the heroine, 10-year-old Campbell struggles heartily in a role that is a disturbing hybrid of Shirley Temple and Joan of Arc.

The screenplay, written by Terence Hefferman, is based on a story by Hefferman and director Shebib. The latter still holds legendary status in Canadian film for *Goin' Down the Road*, his 1969 road movie about two East Coast hicks who go to Toronto. His latest might have been titled Goin' Down the Tubes.

JOE CHIDLEY



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COLUMN



And what's next? Singing goalposts?

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

Here is proof that one TV hockey commentator's ascent from the baboon was far from complete

Like just about every other red-blooded Canadian male chauvinist pig, I have become a stranger to my wife on recent weeknights, reduced to a couch potato, watching—between disruptive commercials—all those teams who are in pursuit of hockey's Holy Grail. Sadly, these teams now seem richer in clutchers-and-grabbers, cross-checkers and slashers than they are in playmakers. As every knowledgeable hockey aficionado knows, the game ain't what it used to be, and will deteriorate still further next season with the debut of the ho ho ho Mighty Ducks, possibly to be followed by the introduction of an outsize neon orange puck, and pushy, but deficient female personhoods in the nets. Grasping owners, unfamiliar with shame, have already sold advertising space embedded in the ice itself, and even now are negotiating rental fees for the backs of the striped shirts worn by referees and linesmen. The goalposts are another potential money earner. Properly wired, the goalposts could emit catchy commercial jingles when struck by a puck. Meanwhile, we endure those ubiquitous organists who play vile tunes at umpteen decibels during commercial breaks. Against capital punishment in principle, I would certainly make an exception in their case.

If the game has become a diminishing pleasure, the sportscasters, color men (with the exception of the erudite Harry Neale) and commentators between periods also have a good deal to answer for. Take, for example, the case of Don Cherry.

Creationists, convinced that Darwin's evolutionary hypothesis was heresy, were dealt a possibly mortal blow once Mr. Cherry emerged as the star of Yahoo's Corner on Molson's *Hockey Night in Canada*. Here, if it were needed, was proof positive not only that man was descended from the baboon, but also that in the case of at least one born in an obscure corner of Kingston, Ont., the evolutionary ascent was far from complete. In a country where an increasing number of people are struggling to become bilingual, Cherry still finds unilingualism a daunting challenge. Handicapped by a vocabulary that could be enriched by reading one of Dr. Seuss's books for beginning readers, his mangled idiom lacks the artistry of Casey Stengel or Yogi Berra. On the evidence, descended from European peasantry himself, Cherry—a hockey journeyman in his time—deeply resents more recent, and far more talented arrivals on these shores, if only because they are, in his opinion, depriving "real" Canadian boys of jobs. But, to be fair, this darling of rednecks from coast to fabled coast, is an inspirational figure. An appropriate role model for cretins. He has established that a six-figure income is not beyond the dim witted, providing they are willing to play the boor and dress like a harlequin.

Sadly, Danny Gallivan, the last of the literate TV play-by-play commentators, died earlier this year. Now, we have to make do with cliche-mongers, those who consider even the briefest silence on camera an affront, and feel compelled to distract us from the play with a stream of unenlightening gabble. I don't want to hear Bob Cole, Dick Irvin, or whoever, holler once more, when a puck has missed the net by a country yard, "And he did everything but score on that play!" Or bellow, when we can see that the goalie is hugging a soft backhand shot that was aimed directly at his chest: "And Roy has just robbed Mogilny of a sure goal! Wow! Golly! Did you see that?" And would all those play-by-play commentators, please please please never say again, with the score 2-1, "The next goal will be an important one." Or—my favorite, thus—with the Canadiens or Maple Leafs behind 18-2, with only 30 seconds remaining in the third period, solemnly intone, "Time is becoming a factor." Or, going into the third overtime period in a playoff game, shrewdly observe, "The guys look like they're getting tired out there." Hmm.

Something else (and of this charge newspaper sports columnists are equally guilty), I don't want to hear (or read) another commentator commiserating with a hockey player (a) whose wife has just run off with the Zamboni driver, (b) whose daddy has succumbed to Alzheimer's, or (c) whose son has developed an insatiable appetite for cocaine, saying, the player in question, has (gulp gulp) "discovered that there are more important things in life than hockey." If any player past puberty is as yet unaware of that simple fact then he is beyond redemption in any event.

After putting up with an endless, largely meaningless regular season, we should not be obliged, during the playoffs, watching a winter game played on soft, watery ice in summer, to suffer the infuriating repetitions of those commercials for Molson's Ex and Esso, two of the worst offenders. According to Mel Brooks's Two Thousand Year Old Man, the greatest inventions of Western man were Saran Wrap and the nectarine. Wrong. Our greatest achievement is the MUTE button on the TV control gadget and I press it desperately hard every time those laughing, roaring, insufferably joyous hooligans descend from wherever on that pop-eyed, hyper old hag with the Harpo Marx wig to belt out,

"We always go the distance,
Right up to the wall
Ex says it all!"

Which I devoutly hope drives thousands of viewers to switch to a decent Scotch.

And neither do I wish to see again that cutesy-poo Esso tiger sending us on our way yet again, usually to take a pee. Or Ray Charles, telling us for the umpteenth time, "Now, that's the right one, baby, uh, huh."

We watch the Stanley Cup playoffs in the hope of catching Wayne Gretzky, or Mario Lemieux, or Pavel Bure, making a great play, reminding us that hockey can also be a thing of beauty. For the rest, watching the games on TV, I would be driven to reaching for my shotgun—if I owned one.

Allan Fotheringham is on vacation

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